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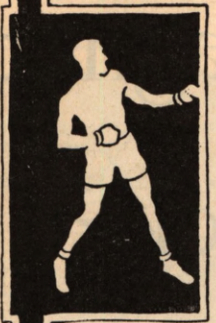

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 20 cents.

Dempsey, The Magnet; Will He Comeback?

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ONCE more we find Jack Dempsey standing out in the boxing news of the day. It seems impossible to get away from the man who once was called the Manassa Mauler. Gene Tunney, who took the title from Dempsey and beat him twice, taking about fourteen out of twenty rounds, has been shoved into the background. But Dempsey remains in the public eye—the greatest attraction in the history of the ring.

Will Dempsey come back to fight Paulino at one of the New York baseball parks next Summer?

Will "Tex" Rickard succeed in talking Jack into another match?

Or will Mrs. Dempsey have her way and keep Jack out of another fight and the danger to his sight which it would entail?

From the inner circle in New York comes the prediction that Dempsey will have another go at it. Leo Flynn, who trained Jack at Chicago, is to have charge of this comeback, they say.

In any event, an alluring proposition lies before Dempsey. Rickard feels that his big hope lies in Dempsey's return, in Dempsey's assistance in lifting the boxing game out of the doldrums.

As for Dempsey, a flop as an actor, with time hanging heavily on his hands—with money enough but with a desire for more—this man Dempsey feels the old yen to jump through the ropes, hear the roar of the crowd, and sink that hook of his in a foe's midsection.

DEMPSEY now finds himself in a position in some ways analogous to that of Jim Jeffries after he had quit the game.

Of course, in the case of Jeffries there was the so-called White Race Supremacy angle. The fans wanted Jeff to take the title away from Jack Johnson—and he failed.

Therein may lie a lesson for Dempsey if he chooses to study the thing out.

They never come back!

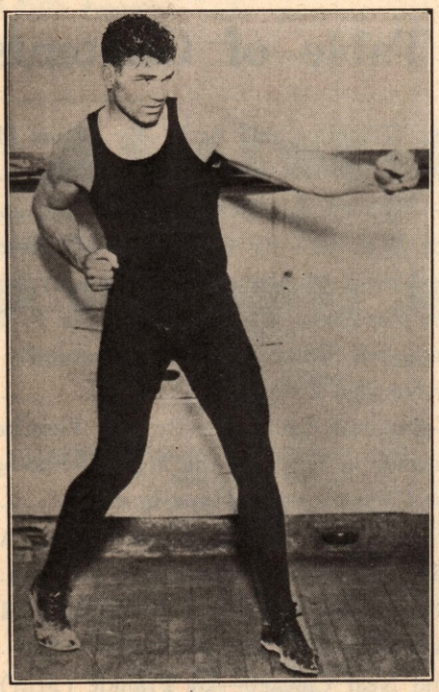
SUPPOSE Dempsey does inform "Tex" Rickard that he is ready to fight again? Whom will Rickard pick for the former champion?

There is no sense in losing sight of the fact that Jack no longer is even a semblance of the Dempsey of old. He has had his day and, as he proved against Tunney, he cannot attain the fighting trim and effectiveness which once were his.

Jack No Longer A Wonderful Heavyweight

Dempsey watched the fight between Paulino and Von Porat in New York and reached the conclusion that he could beat either man inside ten rounds. But even that is a question. Von Porat has a lot to learn and would be beaten by Dempsey, but this Uzcudun person from the Basque country is one tough hombre, even if he is no Corbett on his feet.

Dempsey likes to fight a man who is a big, none too fast target. Paulino would be just that man for him, an ideal opponent. A Dempsey-Paulino bout would find a lot of fists flying and perhaps both men visiting the canvas for divers counts. But it would be no cinch for the one-time Mauler.



Jack Dempsey, as he looked at his best.

VON PORAT does not stand out as an attraction as yet. He has made a lot of friends around Minneapolis and Chicago, but in New York he is just a heavyweight.

There would be no big money in a Dempsey-Von Porat fight. But a Dempsey-Paulino engagement would pack either New York ball park.

THE fight which really stands out now is a return bout between Dempsey and Jack Sharkey. It is the humble opinion of this writer that of all the heavyweights who now stand before the public, Sharkey is the best. He is the most able boxer, he is quite a hitter and now he has a tremendous incentive.

Jack Sharkey Is Best of All the Big Boys

But, of course, there is an important question. There has been a tendency to disparage Sharkey's fighting spirit. There is no aspersion on his courage, but they say he loses interest in his task if things do not go his way at once.

With all that, Sharkey made a pretty good fight against Dempsey as far as it went. And it still is the opinion of this writer that Dempsey fouled Sharkey. Why bring that up? Well, it's a fact!

Sharkey is ready to fight Dempsey, but it is a question if Jack of California would want to fight Jack of Boston first.

Perhaps Dempsey would like to meet Paulino for a warmup, and then, if successful, take on Sharkey.

THERE are others in the offing—Hansen, Stribling and the rest. These will be seen in the Rickard elimination tournament this Winter and what they do will have an important bearing on the Dempsey situation.

Perhaps this tournament will bring out a new boxer of great promise. Offhand we would say that there isn't a chance at this time that a better man than Sharkey or Paulino will come through.

WHAT does Rickard say about it? He says he isn't clear on the Dempsey viewpoint. "Jack does not know his own mind," says Tex. "One hour he wants to come back, another hour he isn't sure.

Rickard Talks About Dempsey and His Plan to Return

"If the tournament brings out a better man than any of the heavies who now are in the running, then there will be no demand for a Dempsey comeback, and I will kill the idea.

"But if the tournament fails to develop a new boxer of superior class or potentialities, then there will be a reason, yes, a big demand, for the return of Dempsey to the ring."

In discussing Jack Sharkey, Rickard said, "I have not promised Jack Sharkey anything. If he comes through the elimination tournament he will stand

(*Continued on page* 6)

Their Stock Took a Jump in Fistic Circles

Top—Left to right—Joe Scalfaro of New York, who held Kid Chocolate to a draw; Ray Miller, who knocked out Lope Tenario and Jimmy McLarnin. Bottom row—Left to right—Jimmy Braddock, conqueror of Tuffy Griffiths by knockout; Jimmy Maloney, who beat Johnny Risko; Kid Chocolate, the negro sensation.

Boxing Lull Is Over

By George L. "Tex" Rickard

THE lull is over. The million dollar gate may be a thing of the past, but boxing is coming into its own again.

That is how I feel about the boxing game. When Gene Tunney quit and gave up his crown, I knew that boxing would take a tremendous slump, but I always insisted that this slump, like all others following a heavyweight championship fight, would be short lived. I predicted last summer that there would be a period of six months depression, after which boxing would come up in leaps and bounds, and I still hold to that prediction for indications prove the accuracy of my judgment.

The trouble with most fight critics and sportsmen is that they see only one way. They look upon the heavyweights as the only boxers worth while bothering about. True, they are the fellows in whom most interest centers, and they are the fellows who are the biggest drawing cards, but it must always be remembered that where there are only a mere handful, oftimes less than that a handful of good heavyweights, there are ten times that many excellent fighters in the other divisions, who if properly exploited, will keep the sport in the public eye.

That is my task and that is just what I am doing. I'm a promoter, I have come to realize what I am trying to preach, namely that the heavyweights are not the only pebbles on the beach, and that if a promoter is to make both ends meet and carry away a little for a rainy day, he must pay proper attention to the little fellows.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN has had its lean days. It lost money for a while, but so did every fight club in the country, the past six months. Many went bankrupt after the Tunney-Heeney go because of the sudden drop in interest in things pugilistic, but every indication points to a change for the better.

And why? Because in addition to the heavyweight elimination tournament which will bring together all the big fellows who are seeking the Tunney trophy, from flyweights to middleweights, boys are coming to the fore who are big drawings crowds. I have come to realize that you cannot wholly depend upon the heavies to bring financial success to an institution such as the Garden, because there are not enough drawing cards in this division, and because the big fellows, in their eagerness to cop the big coin, refuse to accept opponents who in the opinion of the promoter will give the fans a run for their money.

They want to make their own selections and in these choices, they invariably want a set-up. Too many of these kind of fights were ruining the sport and so far as I'm concerned, every man who enters my elimination tournament, will have to fight the fellow he is paired with by me.

In the meantime, the little fellows are not being neglected. Last year, with a heavyweight championship in store, nothing but heavyweights seemed to be the topic of discussion. They were being played to the limit while the boys in the lower divisions were being wholly ignored.

Then when the retirement of Tunney came, the fans refused to pay any attention to bouts in which these smaller fellows appeared. They wanted to forget fights for a while and that was the real cause for the op in attendance.

TO-DAY things are different. We have a fine field of flyweights, good lightweights, excellent welterweights and half a dozen exceptionally fine middleweights and with these boys engaging in thrilling bouts, they are bringing back the fans who deserted after Tunney's defeat of Heeney. As a result here in New York, every small club is playing to capacity houses. In Madison Square Garden, a show in which small boys were paired, drew the record gate of 18,790 persons for a record gate at $5.00 tops of $61,000 and a week later the Griffiths-Braddock show drew 18,600 persons for a total of $57,300.

Up in Boston, our New Madison Garden opened, and there with $10 tops at a Legion affair, the record gate for a Boston indoor show was taken in. On November 30 a bout between Johnny Risko and Jimmy Maloney at popular prices, drew 19,000 persons for a net gate of $37,500, a record for an indoor show in Boston at such tops.

That indicates what kind of a year 1929 will be fistically. Joe Glick, Baby Joe Gans, Andre Routis, Honey Boy Finnegan, Al Singer and Lou Moskowitz, Kid Chocolate, Tuffy Griffiths, James Braddock, Izzy Grove and Joe Scalfaro, all drew down more money in one fight recently that they ever got for any contest in their entire career. This shows that good times are back again with us.

It is the little fellows now who are bringing the sport back into its own and they will not be neglected from now on. With such boys as La Barba, Al Brown, Kid Chocolate, Kid Francis, Andre Routis, Benny Bass, Pete Nebo, Al Singer, Honey Boy Finnegan, Tony Canzoneri, Sammy Dorfman, Joe Glick, Sammy Mandell, Tod Morgan, Bushy Graham, Eddie Guida, King Tut, Tommy Grogan, Billy Wallace, Baby Joe Gans, Jimmy McLarnin, Ruby Goldstein, Jackie Fields, Young Jack Thompson, Gorilla Jones, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Mickey Walker, Rene De Vos, George Courtney, Joe Anderson, K. O. Phil Kaplan, Harry Ebbets, Ace Hudkins, Leo Lomski, Jimmy Slattery, Jimmy Braddock, Tommy Loughran Joe Scalfaro, Ray Miller and Tuffy Griffiths among others to choose from I'm looking forward to the most active winter and spring in boxing in the classes below the heavyweight division, since my entrance into boxing in New York.

A PLACE like the Garden cannot be run only with heavyweight attractions because there are not enough good fellows to make up satisfactory cards. That is why I'm pointing towards the smaller fry.

I'm building up the boys in these divisions with the hope that my efforts may be crowned before the next summer arrives, with the building up of another Benny Leonard among the lightweights. I realize what confronts me, but there is no telling.

We may not get a second Leonard, for men of his type come but once in a lifetime, but if we can develop or unearth among the present crop a colorful, two-fisted, clever fighter, that will suffice. Likewise in the other divisions.

The flop of Sid Terris, whom I had hoped would this year be one of my best drawing cards and the possible successor to Leonard, was a sad blow. Likewise, the desertion of Jimmy McLarnin from the lightweight ranks. His entrance into the junior welterweight class, however, will act as a boom to that division, despite his knockout at the hands of Ray Miller, at Detroit recently. With him, Mushy Callahan, Baby Joe Gans, Jackie Brady and Ruby Goldstein, many fine attractions are in the making.

McLarnin, if he gains sufficient weight, will be a natural against any of the boys in the welter class. I don't think he will remain long as a junior welter.

I don't think McLarnin has shot his bolt by any means. The defeat by Miller will do more good than harm, for it will teach Jimmy something. As for Ray Miller, I think any boy who knocks out Sid Terris, Lope Tenerio and Jimmy McLarnin in one year is certainly some classy performer.

The defeat of Sergeant Sammy Baker by Jackie Fields, killed another natural in the welter class, for he and Joe Dundee would have packed the Garden, but Jackie Fields' rise, makes this class even more interesting. From every angle, I can see nothing but a huge success for boxing this winter and spring.

Dempsey, the Magnet—Will He Come Back?

(Continued from page 4)

out for a Dempsey bout—if Dempsey wants to come back.

"It does not follow that Sharkey will get the Muldoon-Tunney championship trophy if he wins the tournament. The trophy will not be awarded unless the tournament winner is a real standout—unbeaten, without a draw against him. He'll have to come through as the outstanding figure.

"I do not think that Dempsey will make up his mind either way until the end of January. He will be down in Florida and I will see a lot of him in and around Miami. I am not going to try to induce him to do anything he does not want to do or anything which the game would not require at this time."

So that's where the matter stands, and if you want to paste it in your hat that Dempsey will fight next Summer at one of the New York ball parks, why you might be a true prophet.

William Muldoon, The Wrestler

By Charles F. Mathison

NUMBERLESS Americans of the present day know William Muldoon, of the New York State Boxing Commission, as a foremost champion of the science of preserving health, and his hygienic methods have resulted in giving vitality and longevity to hundreds of citizens. His physical ruggedness at a time of life when a majority of men retire from all health-giving efforts, is proof that he applied his system to himself.

Half a century ago Muldoon was not only a wonderful specimen of physical development, but was the world's wrestling champion, having gained the honors, by defeating Edwin Bibby, the English title-holder, and in addition, all the American contenders for the championship, including Clarence Whistler, known as the "Kansas Demon," and the most formidable rival of the "Solid Man."

Three contests were engaged in by Muldoon and Whistler, and while the former demonstrated his superiority over the Kansan, each match was called a draw, one unjustly so. The detailed reports of the combats proved that they were the most terrific in the history of the wrestling pad. The men were evenly matched in skill, but the remarkable strength of Muldoon prevailed, and Whistler was an exhausted and severely injured man at the termination of the third and final bout.

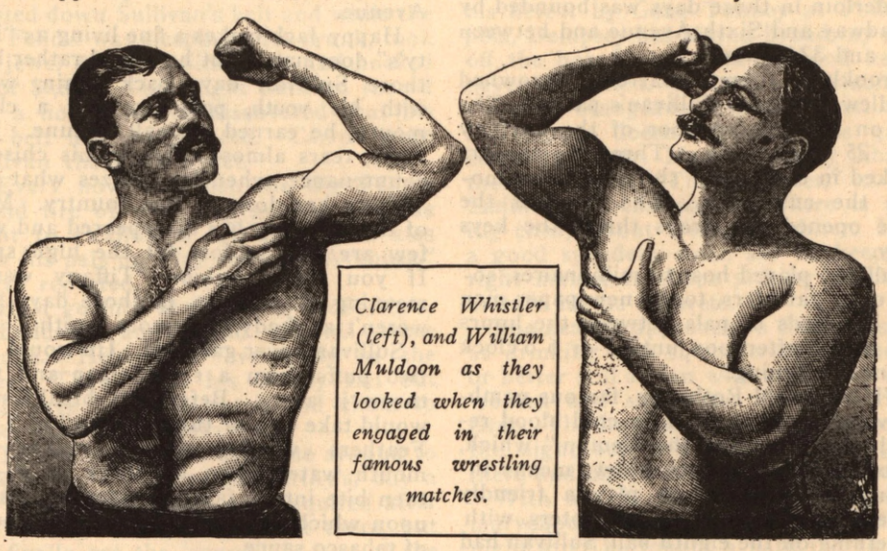
AN incident early in Muldoon's career, illustrates the fine qualities possessed by the gladiator. In 1879 Muldoon was a member of the police force and was located at the 100th Street station. A laborer named Patrick Cavanaugh was killed while at work on the bridge over the Harlem River. The victim left a widow and five children. Muldoon arranged for a wrestling exhibition to take place in the large hall of the hotel adjoining the Lion Brewery, 109th Street and 9th Avenue, and set the event for Christmas Day.

More than 400 persons attended, and the receipts of $300 were turned over to the widow. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been on police duty all night, Muldoon appeared at the appointed time and stripped for action.

There were present a number of well known wrestlers, but none appeared willing to go to grips with the gladiator, his own brother, Martin Muldoon, making the best showing. At the conclusion of the bouts, Muldoon addressed the onlookers:

"I gave this exhibition to-day for the benefit of a poor widow and her children. I hope that none of you will ever know the poverty she faced following the death of her husband. Yet, if any of you should have the misfortune, I will cheerfully wrestle for your benefit as I have for her and her little ones."

MULDOON captured the world title, Graeco-Roman, by throwing Edwin Bibby, the English champion, at San Francisco, September 4, 1883. It was their second match, their first having ended in a draw after a long struggle. The reason that Muldoon did not win the first match was that he was suffering from a dislocated thumb, to which blistering was applied.



Clarence Whistler (left), and William Muldoon as they looked when they engaged in their famous wrestling matches.

The result was that the thumb on his right hand was so swollen and painful he could barely use it. Yet he insisted on going through with the match, saying his San Francisco friends had been very kind to him. For two hours Bibby used his best efforts to defeat a man with one arm disabled and failed. The referee called it a draw.

In the second match, they also met in San Francisco for the Graeco-Roman championship. The time arrangement was two hours, one fall to win, or if each won a fall to continue until two falls were taken by one or the other, Muldoon gained a fall with a neck lock in one hour and 40 minutes, and as Bibby made no progress in the remaining 20 minutes, Muldoon was the winner and new champion of the world.

THE final match between Muldoon, the Solid Man, and Whistler, the Kansas Demon, took place in the Pavilion, San Francisco, November 1, 1883, and resulted in a draw, Whistler being unable to continue because of a broken collar bone. The decision of the referee was unfair to Muldoon, as a contestant in any branch of athletics who is unable through injury to continue, loses the decision.

However, the referee took it on himself to declare the match a draw. Muldoon addressed the spectators as follows:

"Gentlemen, I will not take advantage of a crippled man, although he is is game enough to continue. I admire his pluck and consider him the ablest opponent I ever had. I do not want to wrestle a crippled man, but I want the decision because I am the champion and I will give him $1,000 if he will yield the decision on the basis of his inability." Whistler refused to agree on that basis.

As the other two contests between these great wrestlers were called draws it is evident they were evenly matched in skill. In speaking of the other matches Muldoon recently said:

"Our first contest was in New York City in 1880, when we wrestled 9 hours and 35 minutes without a fall. Whistler fought like a demon, and while I was confident he could not defeat me, I relinquished all hope of winning from him.

"He was a wonderful wrestler. In getting out of a necklock I had fastened on him, Whistler partially tore off his left ear, the left side of his face was swollen the size of a boxing glove, due to collision with my arm, and one of his fingers was broken.

"Whistler had used his head as a battering ram against my chest, which was skinned and bleeding. His second then resorted to a fiendish scheme. He rubbed ammonia on Whistler's head and when that got into my sore chest, I thought I would collapse.

"In the tenth hour we were both too weak to continue, and the referee said

(*Contisued on page* 21)

From Old Broadway

New York News and Gossip

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

WHEN Jack Dempsey was in short pants, his illustrious predecessor, John L. Sullivan, used to lie in a bathtub, his body frapped with ice to help sober him from a week's drunk. Dempsey was four or five years old when the roaring Big Fellow dissipated a million dollars on wine, woman and song.

Twenty-nine years ago, the mighty John L. owned a hotel, the Domino, at No. 111 West 42nd street, the then real Great White Way of New York City. The Tenderloin in those days was bounded by Broadway and Sixth Avenue and between 28th and 32d Streets.

Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, renowned middleweight, was Sullivan's partner. The bar on the ground floor of the hostelry was 25 feet wide. Three bartenders worked in eight hour shifts to accommodate the customers. The moment the place opened the props threw the keys away.

Sullivan played host to millionaires, social elite, gamblers, touts, newspaper men and hundreds of pals between the hours of 2 in the afternoon until 5 or 6 o'clock the next morning.

While Arnold Rothstein, famous gambler, who was shot down in cold blood recently, was steering the "lemon," which, if you don't happen to know, means inducing the gullibles to play a friendly game of pool against sharpshooters, with something on the eighth ball, Sullivan had seen his best fighting days and was bucking his conqueror, Jim Corbett, in the saloon business.

* * *

CORBETT'S place was on 6th Avenue and 33d Street, where Sak's department store now stands.

Kid McCoy had a "cabaret" on Broadway and 38th Street, in the basement of the Normandie Hotel, and on 40th Street west of Broadway, Tom O'Rourke ran the Delevan Hotel.

Then there was Jim Wakely's on 42d Street and 6th Avenue, the same Wakely who backed Sullivan against Jake Kilrain; McDermott's on the other side of the street, Considine's nearer Broadway and the Metropole, the Rossmore next to the Metropole, and such fine all night restaurants as Burns and Jack's, not forgetting the Murray Hill baths, where the famous Guldensuppe murder aroused New York like the Rosenthal and Rothstein assassinations.

Sullivan's thirst parlor was surrounded by such well-known gaming palaces of chance as Brumbridge's, Louis Ludlum's, Honest John Kelly, Cohen's, and Jack Cahill's even-up faro bank.

IT remained for one of John L.'s hustling bartenders, "Happy" Jack Smith, to give us the lowdown on the gay nights of another era. We happened upon Smith the other night in front of "Dinty" Moore's pretentious restaurant on 46th Street west of Broadway, togged out in a trick uniform, giving the customers the right of way. In the days when Smith dragged hundreds of pints of wine from the cellar to quench Sullivan's parched throat, Moore was a fish peddler on 10th Avenue.

Happy Jack makes a fine living as "Dinty's" doorman. But he would rather have those Sullivan days back again, when, with his youth, politeness and a closed mouth, he earned a small fortune. Jack sighs, tears almost come to his chiselled countenance, when he realizes what prohibition has done to this country. Most of the old gang has disappeared and what few are left, seldom hit the high spots. If you didn't imbibe "Tiffany water," meaning champagne, in those days "you weren't anybody," to quote Smith.

Sullivan never gambled. He would take two puffs from a small cigar and then throw it away. Before his breakfast he would take two or three "shots," of Three Feathers whiskey—which makes our mouth water when we think of it—and then bite into a family porterhouse steak upon which he would spread a full bottle of tabasco sauce.

Then would come wine, wine, wine and wine, and if he couldn't get enough in his place, he would hail a hansom cab to drive him to Koster & Bial's on 23d Street, where he would order a case and swallow same in company with a few of the fair sex.

He was "smart" in his ways, the wise old owl. He would be carried to his room upstairs and the "don't disturb" sign would hang before the door until he had enjoyed eight or nine hours' sleep.

* * *

SULLIVAN always wore sack cloth suits which cost $50 *tops, equivalent to* $150 *these days, and* $150 *overcoats. He seldom went to fights, didn't care to talk about his fistic prowess, let alone the abilities of other fighters, but he would sit for hours discussing baseball. It may surprise you to learn that in his youth, he was a crack pitcher, at least Smith is authority for this information.*

He wore a 17½ collar and had his clothes made by Bell's on Fifth Avenue. He was a natty dresser but disliked jewelry for the good reason that the light-fingered gentry would make away with it. The only pieces of jewelry he disported, was a watch and chain given to him by the New York Athletic Club. On many of his drunks spent on 10th and 11th Avenues he would have to throw in the "souper" to make good his round of festivities, and it was up to Jack the next day to pick it up after making good the small figures in red.

* * *

Smith Tells Some of the Secrets of John L.'s Life

SMITH is an unusually intelligent man of 60 or more winters. He learned all he knows by mingling with the swells and rough necks. His memory is as fresh as it was in the days when he picked up a smattering of education. He'll bet you he can still run 100 yards in 11 flat.

While wintry blasts made him hop, skip and dance to keep his blood tingling, breaking off conversation long enough to open the doors, we managed to get Smith to open up and let us in on some of John L.'s life history.

"We are living in a wonderful age considering Atlantic flights, prohibition, movietones, television, which is still in its infancy," began Smith, "not forgetting million dollar fight 'gates,' record-breaking football and hockey attendances and kaleidoscopic changes adding fresh material to American history.

"Let me take you back 25 years ago when the Wright brothers stunned the world by making a flight of 120 feet. Gee, we couldn't believe it. The flying pioneers informed a palpitating nation that the time would come when a human being would cross the ocean in a plane.

Lindbergh made good their boast. Little did the folks in those days dream that New York, let alone the good old U. S. A. would go dry because liquor was so plentiful. It remained for Jack Dempsey to draw record fight crowds and moneys. Hansom cabs were a luxury. Now everybody but perhaps you and I own an automobile."

* * *

SMITH warmed up to his subject.

Only a few weeks ago," he revealed "Jack Dempsey came to me and said: 'I understand you once worked for John L. Sullivan. He must have been a great fellow.'

"I answered that Sullivan was a great guy, but that he, Dempsey, was the nearest approach to him. Dempsey smiled, handed me a goldback and then disappeared in the theatre crowd."

THEN Smith grew reminiscent. He will talk Sullivan to you from morn-

ing to night. He worships the Boston Strong Boy and to his dying day, without any fear of contradiction, will say that John L. was the greatest fighter of them all.

"Jimmy Carroll opened the Domino Hotel, but he couldn't make a go of it," continued Smith. "I thought up the bright idea of inducing the Big Fellow to become his partner. So I dug out the Big Fellow in Koster & Bial's. There were so many bottles of wine around his table, that I almost broke my neck trying to walk through them.

"I broached him with the idea and he liked it. So he got in touch with one of his finest pals, John Doner, who was superintendent of buildings in Brooklyn, I think, and John L. borrowed $500 from him. With the five 'c's' we bought a flock of glassware and got the bar looking presentable.

"The first thing we did was to hang the Big Fellow's diamond studded belt, which was given to him by the citizens of Boston, in the middle of the bar.

"Business picked up immediately. So big did it become that I had to hire two more bartenders. They were Tony Weir and Otto Brown.

"The place was made to order for the Big Fellow. Everybody'd come in; the Big Fellow would have a pint of wine which cost two smackers. Or if he didn't want to drink just that moment, Sullivan would order one of those small Manuel Garcia cigars, from which he'd take two puffs and then throw it away. He used to destroy hundreds of cigars a day.

* * * *

"THE night Kid McCoy and Jim Corbett fought in the old Garden," recalled Smith, "there wasn't a person in the bar all night. The Big Fellow went down to see the fight. At one o'clock the next morning they were standing four deep before the bar.

"In the two years the Big Fellow was on Broadway he surely spent a million dollars. He was the softest fellow in the world to touch. Everybody that came in would ask him for $5, fare to Boston. It got so that every touch was labeled '$5 to Boston.' He used to drink more than a case of wine a day.

"On some of his drunks we had to fill Sullivan's bathtub with ice, right up to his neck, to get him out of them. Imagine forcing a human being! That's what we did. And if the ice melted, how he'd roar to have some more dropped in."

AMONG some of the leading lights in those days who patronized Sullivan's bar, were Tom Foley, Jim Corbett, Bill McCabe, who until Gene Tunney hung up his gloves, was the heavyweight champ's confident agent; Louis Harrison, Danny Dwyer, Phil Dwyer, Tom Sharkey, Kid McCoy, Patsy Cardiff, Patsy McCue, Milton Henry, Jimmy Michaels and Jim Kennedy.

Also Pat Powers, Harry Pollok, Buffalo Costello, the Gondorf brothers, Eddie Connors, Larry Mulligan, Big Tim Sullivan, Bob Vernon, Hector McKenzie, Manny Chapelle, Jim Wakely, Bill Brady, Arthur Lumley, Mike Straus, Pat Sheehy, Larry Killion, Jack McAuliffe, Tom Wogan, deputy Brooklyn Register; Jim Thornton, who used to "beat the free lunch to pieces"; George Grant, Lucky Jack McGuiness, John E. Madden and Tim Hurst.

Still others were Charley White, Paddy Sullivan, Dick Roche, Jake Schaefer, the elder; Frank Ives, Dan the Dude," Colonel Coleman, "Judge" Crowley, Walter De Baun, Maggie Cline, Johnny Ryan, Frank Erne, Homer Lane, Steve O'Donnell, and Duncan B. Harrison, Sullivan's partner in the show "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Bill Devery was the police commissioner but he never sat in at any of the gay parties. Members of the Racquet Club, which is now the Racquet and Tennis Club, situated on Fifth Avenue and 44th Street, were patrons.

* * * *

BEER sold for five cents, Hunter whiskey two drinks for a quarter, Three Feathers 20 cents each or three for 50 cents, and champagne $2 a drink and $4 a quart.

"Sullivan never talked fights with me," went on Smith. "His racket was furthest from his mind. But he used to tell me a lot of other good stuff that I will never repeat."

Smilingly Smith recalled the afternoon Carroll in desperate need of ready cash hoisted down Sullivan's belt and while the Big Fellow was sleeping off a drunk, took the jewel down to Simpson's and hocked it for $1,800. That night Sullivan roared like a lion when he discovered that his pet belt had disappeared. Carroll gave Sullivan the hock ticket.

"Every now and then the Big Fellow would tire of wine and go out into the night to swallow a few lager and ales with his pals on 10th and 11th Avenues." Smith repeated.

"He'd go into McCarthy's, McSorley's, McFadden's and spend all his loose change. He'd blow everybody in the place. Then when his money ran out he'd leave his $500 watch and chain to make good the drinks.

"The next day he'd send me around to pick it up. I'd go to McCarthy's, buy a few drinks and cigars and inquired after the jewelry. I wouldn't get it there, but I'd finally get the 'souper' in one of the other joints.

* * * *

SMITH recalled the afternoon Tom Sharkey paid a belated call. The Big Fellow was under the feathers. Tom asked for a flat of seltzer and treated Jack to the same gargle.

"It cost Tom a thin dime for the two drinks." Happy Jack almost fell to the ground when he reminisced on this incident. "When I told Carroll about it, he went behind the bar and counted the receipts," added Jack.

"Another fine customer was Big Bill Bradburn, whom I understand was Charley Schwab's bodyguard," Smith said.

"With all his hollering and roaring," declared Happy Jack, "the Big Fellow was a wonderful character. He wouldn't harm a hair on your head. He liked good times and believe me he surely enjoyed himself. Money was made to spend, was his motto. I was glad when he went on the water wagon.

* * * *

"SULLIVAN made a great host and he liked life. Every time he'd venture on the streets he'd stop traffic, just like Dempsey does today. I think, however, Sullivan was far more popular in his day than Dempsey is now.

"He was a better mixer, he spent more freely and he didn't have a bad word for anyone. He wasn't a knocker, in fact, a great booster. He never talked about his defeat at the hands of Jim Corbett. Of course, everyone knows he beat himself. I never saw Sullivan fight. But he must have been a pip."

* * * *

STRANGELY, Dempsey also owned a hotel, the Barbara, in Los Angeles. After he split with Jack Kearns, Dempsey took over the hotel and Kearns got the Wilshire apartments in the same city. Dempsey couldn't make the hotel pay.

Dempsey was never a drinker, but he likes good times. The only time we saw him take a sip of wine was on the night he was tendered a banquet in Chicago following his victory over Billy Miske at Benton Harbor, Mich. He put the glass to his lips, took a swallow, laid the glass down and then excused himself. Half an hour later he was back in his hotel snoring his young head off.

Since he was dethroned, or following his defeat by Gene Tunney at Philadelphia, Dempsey has played Broadway right off the boards, but bear in mind he has never dissipated. His only drink consists either of orangeade or plain water.

Dempsey doesn't mind if his guests consume liquor. He gets woozy inhaling the whiskey or "Tiffany water," as Jack Smith labels champagne. There is nothing cheap about Dempsey, either. He is a good spender; some say he keeps his right mauler in shape picking up checks or tabs in the cabarets.

The nearest approach to Sullivan so far as drinking and squandering his money, or better still a man who reveled in wine, woman and song, was the late Harry Greb. The human windmill could be stiff the night before a fight and still go in there and claw his opponents to pieces.

With all his dissipation, Harry was a marvellous fighter. Benny Leonard, the night after he fought a hard ten rounder against Harvey Thorpe in Kansas City drank a bottle of beer and ale and promptly became as stiff as a board. Another heavy drinker was the late Freddie Welsh. He was a good fellow on Broadway, where he spent every cent he earned in the ring. He died penniless.

He could drink till the cows came home. Johnny Dundee will drink a glass of beer now and then but that's all. Tunney took two glasses of champagne two hours after he got up in a Chicago ring and retained his title against the Dempsey onslaught.

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The Fistic Old Timer Recollects When,—

By Charles F. Mathison

TIME, the present: * * * Tornado of shrieks, sobs, imprecations regarding the inefficiency, indifference and general uselessness of the crop of heavyweights now aiming at title discarded by Tunney. * * * Never before so pitifully weak a bunch of "logical contenders." All deserve to be deported!

Turn back to 1890. * * * Peter Jackson, Jim Corbett, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard, Joe Choynski, Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher, Sullivan and several others. * * * Never before such a collection of big fellows. Then what happened? Nearly all whipped and out of the game. Jeff, the last of the giants. He retired in 1905. * * * Who enters here? Tommy Burns, squat Canadian, real name Noah Brusso. * * * Second rater. * * * Marvin Hart, second rater. * * * Jack Root, light heavy, very light. * * * Mike Schreck, not so good. * * * Jack Twin Sullivan, middleweight. * * * Earnest but not effective. * * * Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, middleweight, good boxer. * * * How would that lineup fare against Risko, Godfrey, Jack Sharkey, Paulino, Hansen, Heeney, Stribling, Roberti? * * * Yet no great outcry from the public. Ticket buyers knew that calibre of boxers in every class shifts from year to year. Like hay and wheat crops. * * * Good one year, poor the next. * * * Average O. K. * * * Give the big boys a chance.

* * * * *

A Quaint Custom of Old Days

QUAINT custom of earlier days: * * * Challenger for title bout required to put large roll of bills in hands of champion previous to the signing of articles of agreement. * * * Kid Williams, leading bantam of 1914, casting threatening glances at Johnny Coulon, claimant of title. * * * Coulon not interested. Avoided the impudent stares of Williams. * * * Coulon finally consented to ten round decisionless bout in Garden, under Frawley law. * * * Contest went limit of ten rounds, both claiming advantage. * * * Following this affair Williams pressed his claim for a title fight of 20 rounds to a decision. Coulon, after due deliberation consented * * * with proviso that, before signing articles Williams would testify his appreciation of great honor of a title fight by placing $1,000 in Coulon's hands. * * * Williams mortgaged the old homestead * * * got money, handed it to Coulon and got match. * * * The contest took place in Los Angeles, 1914. * * * Williams did everything to Coulon except send him to hospital. * * * Coulon flattened in three rounds. * * *

Williams had stopped Charley Ledoux, bantam champion of Europe in 15 rounds. * * * Which gave Williams, family name John Gutenko, world's title. * * * Williams also stopped Eddie Campi, flashy Coast bantam, in 15 rounds. * * * Williams in..... second only to Dixon and McGovern. Coulon stopped by Ledoux in 6 rounds, and by Pete Herman in 3 rounds. * * *

* * * * *

When Tommy Burns Went to London

NOAH BRUSSO, otherwise Tommy Burns, went to London 1907 to whip Gunner Moir. * * * Burns created sensation. * * * Slightly different from that of Tunney. * * * The writer, then American representative of National Sporting Club, made the match and got all the blame. * * * Burns not a student of Shakespeare. * * * Conversationally blunt. * * * On arrival in London, invited to meet Lonsdale and other officials of Club. * * * It was custom of officials to inspect foreign pugilists. * * *

Very dignified body of men, including dukes, earls, et al. * * * Burns enters reception room. * * * Peggy Bettinson, cub manager, speaking: "This is Tommy Burns, heavyweight champion of America." * * * Tommy Burns speaking: "Yes, and I want to say right now that I been done and done plenty by skin managers. * * * Understand you are not going to get away with any monkey business. * * * No cash; no fight. That's all I got to say." * * * Burns stalks out of reception room. * * * Earls, dukes et al. speechless with horror. * * * Cablegram to writer from Bettinson: "Can't understand how so uncouth a person could win title." * * * Burns knocked out Moir 10th round. * * * Got cash. * * * Not invited to lecture on literature. * * *

* * * * *

They Like Corbett's Name

THREE boxers adopted Jim Corbett's last name. * * * The first was George Green, corking welter of San Francisco. * * * Once beat Mysterious Billy Smith. * * * Stopped by Walcott and Tommy Ryan in 18 rounds each. * * * Second was William Rothwell, Denver. * * * Whipped Terry McGovern. * * * Third is the Italian, Paul Giordano, who may menace Joe Dundee. * * * Joe Gans' name more popular than Corbett's. * * * Four boxers grabbed it. * * * Young Joe Gans, Panama Joe Gans, Italian Joe Gans and Baby Joe Gans. * * * What's in a name without boxing skill? * * *

Why They Quit Ring

VARIOUS reasons assigned by pugilists for retiring. * * * Tunney: "Don't need any more money or publicity." * * * Benny Leonard: "To please my mother." * * * Jack Dempsey: "To elevate the drama." * * * Jack McAuliffe: "To give Kid Lavigne a chance." * * * Teddy Jacobs, a crack bantam of a dozen years ago, most convincing. * * * This entry in his diary: "Started boxing in 1914. Stopped in 1919, when Gov. Whitman repealed Frawley Law." * * *

* * * * *

MOST amusing excuses for not going through with contract matches. * * * Packey McFarland, in 1910, one of best lightweights in history of boxing. * * * Went to England that year. * * * Fought Freddie Welsh. * * * Packey said he won. * * * Draw decision inexplicable. * * * English promoter urged him to make another match. * * * He accepted. * * * All terms satisfactory. * * * Arranged to sail in week. * * * To fight at National Sporting Club. * * * Set day to sign articles of agreement. * * * Did not put in appearance. * * * American matchmaker for London club caught sight of Packey three weeks later. * * * Asked for explanation. * * * "I'll tell you," said Packey, "my mother did not want me to cross the ocean again." * * * Hinted that Packey was sea sick on his first trip, going and coming. * * *

* * * * *

Attell Feared for His Folks

SOMEWHAT similar case. * * * Abe Attell, leading figure. * * * Matched to fight Joe Bowker * * * English bantam champion, at National Sporting Club. * * * Details arranged, Attell set day he would sail. * * * Took train for California. * * * Confronted by matchmaker two months later. * * * "It was this way," explained Abe. "I was afraid some of my folks might get hurt in the earthquake."

* * * * *

As to Fitz's Titles

BALDERDASH rampant as to boxers holding plurality of titles at one and same time. * * * Fitzsimmons cited as example. * * * Claimed he held middle, heavy and light heavy titles at one time. * * * Absurd flub dub. * * * Fitz won middleweight championship of America from Nonpariel Jack Dempsey in 1891. * * * His last fights as a middleweight with Jim Hall in 1893 and with Greedon in 1894. * * * Fitz entered heavyweight class in 1896. * * * Weighed well above 158, the middleweight limit at that time. * * * Won heavyweight title from Corbett in 1897. Lost to Jeffries in 1899. * * * Thus in that year he held no title whatever. * * * Fitz won light heavy title from George Gardner in 1903 and dropped it to Phila Jack O'Brien in 1905. * * * Fitz one of greatest fighters in history. Never held three titles at once. * * *

Billy Howton's Mistletoe

A Christmas Story of the Ring

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

(The first of a series of stirring fiction stories by this world famous sports writer. —Editor's note.)

"A FINE Santy Claus you are, ya big bum ya!" Billy Howton waved his fist at the brakeman who had been so unsympathetic as to throw him off that slow freight,—and on Christmas Eve, too!

The early twilight of late December had begun to creep in from the mountains. The air was cold with the breath of the arctic. Off in the distance church bells were ringing. The brakeman thought of his kiddies and his wife down the line,—a little Christmas tree decorated and aglow, and the father of the family two hundred miles away, throwing a bum off the slow freight.

The brakeman felt mean,—and we'll pardon him as we leave him in his misery and his revery, and pass on to Billy Howton.

Billy dusted himself off. He picked a few cinders out of his trousers, which had been worn thin and did not take kindly to the chill air of this Christmas Eve.

Howton stood there waving his fist at the retreating freight. And then he broke into a smile. There was one saving grace about Billy Howton,—harvest hand, miner, brake beam tourist and hobo,—he had a keen sense of humor.

"Well, such is life,—and this is Christmas Eve," he chuckled. "Let's see where we have landed."

Howton walked down the yards and soon arrived at a station shack,—East Belle View read the ricketty, washed out sign over the door.

* * *

TWO or three miles down the line Howton saw spires, a few tall buildings,—huddled houses which told of a city,—and flop houses and warm halls and speak easies to be swept out with perhaps an extra bonus for Christmas Eve,—a city with its lunch wagons and its mean streets.

"Well, if this is East Belle View, that must be old Belle View herself down there," mused Howton. "Dogs, let's go! Papa wants a little snack this Christmas Eve. We can't go hungry tonight. Too bad we aren't with the old folks back in Iowa, but what's the use of sobbing. Perhaps next Christmas Eve will be better."

Howton began to move those "dogs" in the direction of the spires and the big buildings. The twilight had become deeper, the wind had become meaner. Snow flurries began to warm of a bad night for bums and hobos and brake beam artists looking for speak easies to sweep out.

It took Billy about an hour to fight his way through the teeth of the wind into Belle View. The shop windows were warm with light and color. Toys, things to wear, things to eat, things to look at. Holly wreaths, mistletoe, clanging cars, shrieking taxis, hurrying crowds,—and the snow coming down thicker.

Billy Howton stood at the busiest corner in town and chuckled. A cop eyes him suspiciously, but was reassured by Howton's disarming smile. No man with a smile that could be up to mischief. And besides, this was Christmas Eve.

"Where does a guy get a handout on a night like this?" Howton asked. "On my way East to a big job, but a little outta luck right now."

The policeman laughed. "Yeh, I know all about those big jobs you bozos always have somewhere where you ain't. But you look like a deservin' case. Walk down this street till you come to that big signal light. Turn to your right, walk six blocks and you'll reach Steve Dranahan's place. He'll take care of ye this night."

* * *

"SO this is Steve Drahanan's place, eh?" Billy Howton stood in front of an old fashioned saloon. There were bright lights in there. Behind the bar stood an old fashioned bar tender with an old fashioned hair comb and an old fashioned twist as he combed the froth off the glasses.

"This certainly looks good to me," said Billy. "It looks warm, anyway."

So it came about that Billy Howton, hobo, met Steve Drahanan, ward politician, beer "shooter,"—a typical small town racketeer, one side of his face turned benevolently toward the poor of the district, the other side of his broad, flat-nosed features turned toward anything which meant money, at times sinister, nearly always scheming.

As Howton sat in a corner eating the Christmas Eve handout and washing it down with a very poor quality of "shot" beer, Dranahan and three others stood looking out of Steve's office door, sizing up Howton and talking in whispers.

At last they seemed to have reached a decision. "Hey, bo, come here," Dranahan called to Howton in his most congenial manner.

"How would you like to step into a new suit of store clothes, new shoes, a benny and a good hat,—and fifty bucks in the pocket?" Dranahan asked.

"Well, that sure is an inviting layout, but what do I have to do to get all them things from Santy?" laughed Billy." I hope it ain't murder or something."

Dranahan and his liteutenants laughed. "Naw, it ain't exactly murder," Steve said, with a wink to Botsy Caspilli, his first deputy.

* * *

THE five went into the office, the door was locked, and Dranahan gave Howton the layout.

"There's a big fight in this burg tomorrow," said Steve "Billy Stowridge, the heavyweight contender, is coming on from the East to fight Kid Tranton, our local pride and joy. Of course, Stowridge will be a heavy favorite. Tranton is a willing guy but he ain't what you might call a John L. Sullivan or Jim Corbett, and some of the lads around here say that if you hit him hard down in the lunch basket he will get a hankering for the outside air and home and mother.

"Now, here's the way you get that suit and the fifty. Nobody around this burg ever saw Stowridge. They wouldn't know you from Billy. And after what is going to happen does happen, nobody around this town will be any the wiser.

"We will holler blue murder. We'll appeal to the Boxing Commission up at Zenith for protection in the future. But the thing will be over with,—and you will be on your way to the East. You will leave right after the fight.

"You will come into the fight as Billy Stowridge. We have wired to Billy not to come,—that the house is too slim, and all that sort of thing. He hasn't trained lately and he was glad to have this thing cancelled.

"You will do the best you can,—but Tranton will put you away easy, in the first. See? Ever do any fighting?"

"Say, you fellers, this thing don't appeal to me," said Howton

"Listen," bellowed Dranahan. "I don't give a damn what you think about it You will go into the ring tomorrow afternoon as Billy Stowridge, or you'll go to the local hoose gow right now,—and you won't get the best cell in the place, either, ya bum!"

* * *

BILLY HOWTON sat in the dressing room, fondling the bandages they had given him to roll over his hard fists. Nobody took any trouble to attend to Howton. He was the "fall guy", the setup. Billy just sat and smiled.

Had he done any fighting? Well, what Dranahan and his gang did not know wouldn't harm them,—perhaps. How well Billy remembered that twenty-three round bruiser with Johnny Sudenberry for the championship of the Lucky Strike copper mine in Butte. It had started over a waitress in the Miners' Rest, and Sudenberry was a 5 to 1 shot. But they had carried Johnny out of the ring.

There was a noise at the door, to rouse Billy out of his revery.

"Ready?" roared Dranahan. "The saps are in there, the house is jammed. Tranton is all set and he'll go into the ring first. You'll come in at the very last minute, make your bow, take your sock—and rush for the East."

"Mind, smile and say nothing. Talk to nobody, either before or after the fight. And remember,—you'll take the first train

out, or the yard cops will throw you where you will stay for months."

"Okeh," chuckled Howton. "I'm ready. Ready for the word."

In the offices of Steve Dranahan the Gang met. "Well, me lads, it's all fixed for a grand killing. I've got as high as 6 to 1 on a knockout. The sports in Zenith think Stowridge will stop Tranton in two or three rounds. A clean twenty grand on this—and how we will holler to the Boxing Commission when it's over."

Dranahan laughed. Botsy Caspilli laughed overloud. It was a great joke—a grand cleanup of twenty thousand, and then for Chicago for a few months until the excitement died down.

"READY,"—the word came from Dranahan. Howton stretched lazily, put on an old tattered bathrobe somebody had tossed into the room, and started for the ring.

"Ray, Stowridge!" the customers shouted as Billy walked down the aisle toward the roped square in which Tranton already awaited him. Tranton looked at the advancing figure, reassured himself that it really was not Stowbridge, and smiled.

"One wallop on this bar room palooka, and me for the Christmas dinner," said Tranton to one Kid Texy.

"Ray, Stowridge!" the crowd kept yelling. As Howton reached the ring he turned to scan the crowd in the near rows, and his eye was arrested by a sight for which Billy had not bargained.

In the first row sat a vision—one of the prettiest girls Howton ever had seen in all his wanderings from Maine to Washington and back again.

She was one of your magazine cover girls,—with a skin you love to touch, with that school girl complexion, a sight which made Billy forget Dranahan and Tranton and the bargain.

Their eyes met. She was startled. Perhaps not quite ready for the pleasant face, clear eye of Billy Howton. No cauliflower ears, no broken down nose, no marks of the many battles Stowridge showed in his record.

Howton smiled. The Girl smiled. In her gloved hand she held a sprig of mistletoe, and as Howton started up the steps the Girl hurled the mistletoe at him. Billy seized the token,—and with it came a new determination. The Girl, the Smile, the Mistletoe—were destined to play quite a role within the next ten minutes.

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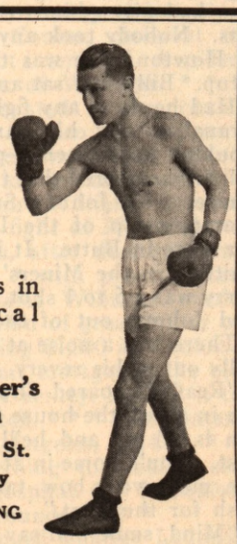

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PRIVATE BOXING INSTRUCTION

KID McCOY WAS WILY; HE FOOLED MAHER

THE most effective conversation, judging by results, ever heard in the ring was between Kid McCoy and Peter Maher, in their celebrated fight at Coney Island. They clinched in the second round and McCoy held Maher's arms so that he could not move. Then he looked him in the eye and smiled his malicious, cold, sneering smile and said:

"Well, you big stiff, I see you are in the newspapers hollering for sympathy because your wife is sick. Well, when I get through with you you will want more sympathy than ever."

As a matter of fact, Peter's wife was terribly sick at that time. When he heard McCoy's words, the Irishman became frantic with resentment, and, of course, that helped McCoy to beat him.

When the fight was over McCoy went over to Peter's corner and shook hands with him.

"What I said in the clinch don't go, Peter," he remarked. "That was just a little matter of business, you know." Peter was madder than ever to think how he had been fooled into losing his temper; but, of course, it was too late to do anything then.

DOWNEY FOUGHT ONLY FIVE OF 'EM!

THE effect of a knockout on a man is always curious. Jack Downey was knocked down by Jim Burge, the "Iron man," one night, and only the gong at the end of the round saved him from being counted out. As he came to his corner his eyes had a far-away expression. I asked him how he felt.

"Bully," he replied. "I can lick the whole five."

"All right, Jack," I told him: "Just try and punch the middle one hard, and then you will be all right."

THE bell. They sparred. Tranton smiled. "I won't hurt you, kid," he said as they came into a clinch.

Howton chuckled. He wouldn't hurt him! Why, the big bum, he wasn't half the fighter Sudenberry was. So this was Kid Tranton, the pride of Belle View!

They kept sparring. Suddenly Tranton let fly a wicked but untutored left hook. Howton slipped inside, planted a light jab on Tranton's nose, and danced away.

Tranton's face became a study in amazement. The crowd took up the cry, "Ray, Stowridge!"

Tranton swung again, and this time Howton planted a right to the pit of the stomach.

The Girl shrilled, "Go to it, Stowridge." The crowd went into an uproar.

Tranton moved about to collect his few scattered wits.

"What in hell is this, anyway?" Tranton said to himself. "This guy is no bum. He's been in there before, and he knows a lot. Has that crook Dranahan double crossed me? And my two thousand bet on myself. Say, this can't be."

And as he soliloquized, Howton crashed a right to the body and a left to the side of the head,—and as the bell rang Tranton reeled.

THEY fought through the second round, Tranton trying his hardest and Howton keeping on the defensive, feeling out the home pride.

In the rear of the hall, Dranahan stood amid his gang, furious. "What is that guy Tranton trying to do to me,—double-cross Steve Dranahan? He'd better finish this farce soon, or he'll learn a sharp lesson. Nobody kids around with Steve Dranahan."

The bell for the third round. It was getting monotonous for Billy Howton. He danced away from a right cross and stepped in fast with a right to the body. Another right, a left to the jaw. Trenton reeled again.

The Kid's face was a motion picture of surprise and agony.

"What will Dranahan and his gang say? What will they do?" the Kid wondered. His knees quaked, and Howton came in with a smashing hook which started the crimson from Tranton's nose. A right to the solar plexus,—the old Fitzsimmons punch,—and Tranton fell in a heap.

They had to hold Dranahan back in the rear of the hall. "Why, you double crossing son of a ——" but Botsy and the rest choked him off as they led him to his office.

Howton jumped from the ring, ran to the seat where sat the Girl, and said, "I'll be back to see you some say soon, but I'm in a hurry now."

Before she could speak her amazement, Billy Howton, holding the mistletoe over her head, kissed Sallie Dranahan a hard, resounding smack right on her ruby lips, —and out into the gathering twilight of Christmas Day.

The bells tolled. The snow had been trodden hard. The lights flickered redder and brighter as Billy Howton ran for the 5.10 to Zenith,—and on to the East.

"Stowridge stops Tranton in third," said the headlines the next morning.

Howton smiled. "Yes, he did!"

In the East Stowridge laughed. "Well, I'm a son of a sea cook. I'll have to find out who was my ghost."

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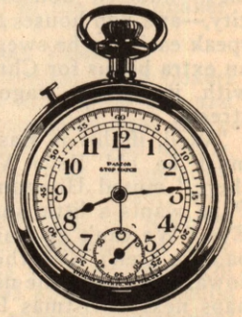

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BATTLES OF JACK DEMPSEY

told by Ed Van Every, the famous sports writer. Gripping and thrilling! In FIGHT STORIES, the 128 page story magazine of the Ring. Only 20 cents at all newsstands or mailed postpaid by publishers, **FICTION HOUSE, 271 Madison Ave., N. Y.**

FIGHT STORIES

NOTHING TO IT

If you want to meet nice people
Here's how to reach that end,
Any prize fighter can give you
A "knockdown" to a friend.

A LAUGH or TWO

By NORMAN DALY

WHAT A DIFF

Just take these simple letters
And note the STRIKING way
The meaning changes if reversed,
They're k. o. and o. k.

THIS department extends its greetings and wishes for a very merry Christmas and a happy, prosperous New Year to the readers of the Ring everywhere.

* * *

Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells!
Jingle all the way!
Dempsey will not fight again,
And yet again he may.

* * *

"What's on the radio, Pa?"

"They're broadcasting a description of the tornado down south—blow by blow."

* * *

The day before John L. Sullivan was to fight Paddy Ryan, a little old lady called to see him and explained that she was soliciting for the new hospital that was being built in the neighborhood.

"Won't you contribute something, Mr. Sullivan?" she asked.

"Sure I will," came the sly answer, "just drop around after the fight tomorrow night—maybe Paddy Ryan would do."

* * *

GIBSON: "Good mornin'."
TUNNEY: "Don't forget your G's, Billy."
Gibson: "Gee. Good mornin'."

* * *

JACKIE FIELDS K.O.'s SERGEANT SAMMY BAKER—(Sport Headline). The Soldier's Field daze, as it were.

* * *

The Chocolate Bar

A lot of our bantams appreciate the fact that Kid Chocolate is no "bum-bum."

And, speaking of confectionary, if one of our white boys refused to meet the Kid, would you call that a "chocolate bar"?

* * *

HELP! HELP!

NOW I've been driven almost looney,
For one guy says his name is 'Tooney,'
And then the next yipp (ain't it funny?)
Bets a buck his name is 'Tun-ney',
While over in Paree they say
The fighter's name is Gene 'Tun-nay.'

* * *

Dear Santa Claus:

Please don't bring Roberto Roberti anything for Christmas because he has been awful mean to me. He promised that he would play with me over in Mr. Fugazy's house last September and instead he tooked a boat and wented to Italy and made out he was awful sick. Don't give him nothing.

Yours truly,
George Godfrey.

P. S. Please ask Jack Dempsey if I may come over and play with him. I'm very lonesome. Nobody wants to play in my house.

ALIBI NO. 38364

I would have won but somebody put arsenic in my coffee and filled my water bottle with morphine.

* * *

1st Simon Pure: "For two cents I'd beat you up."

2nd Simon Pure: "Ah—turnin' professional, eh?"

* * *

FATHER (reading newspaper): "I see here where Count Ibanowitz is sailing for home. He is 6 feet, 10 inches tall."

MOTHER (adjusting her specs): "Oh, that must be 'the long count' I've read so much about in Chicago."

* * *

Kid Slotnik: (in gymnasium) "Awk!! I just hit me ":!!(funny-bone."*

Young Biff: Better not be bumpin' yer head like dat."

* * *

When Jim Jeffries was playing the sticks he found himself in one of those little one-horse towns where hotels were as scarce as feathers on an oyster's neck. He was recommended to a shanty boarding-house, and, on knocking on the door, a little runt of a man peeked out.

"Do you keep lodgers, Pop?" the Big Boy inquired. "Well yes, I do," drawled the little farmerr "what lodge do you belong to?"

* * *

An Exception

AND speaking about the hick country it bring to mind the two farmers who were discussing the apearance of Jess Willard in his circus.

"He is the greatest fighter in the world," said Abner.

"'Cept one," answered Rube.

"Where do you get that 'cept one?" asked Abner.

Pointing to a billboard Rube read: "Jess Willard. Greatest fighter in the world. Sept. 1."

* * *

When Firpo first came to this country he hit with his left hand wide open, more of a slap than a punch, until somebody painted a dollar bill on the palm of his glove, and then he clenched that fist so tight they had to cut his glove into ribbons to get it off.

* * *

A Tall Resin-Snuffer

OVER in Scotland they had a big punk of a fighter named Bull MacIntyre. Bull stood 6 ft. 9 in. and was the tallest resin-sniffer that ever laced on a boxing glove in the professional ranks. He was matched to meet a lad Jimmy Brian, and when the articles were duly signed, Brian's manager, an Englishman, offered to wager Bull's mentor, a crafty little Scot, $100 that his man would knock out the giant MacIntyre.

The Scotchman took the bet and when their bruisers met in the ring the next week the smaller Jimmy Brian took the bean-stalk's measure and knocked him as flat as a Columbia record in the second round.

"Pay me," grinned the victor's manager to the crestfallen Scot, "my man won by a knockout."

The Scot thought for a moment and then said:

"Na na, you dinna win the bet. My mon's 6 feet 9 inches tall and a fall from that height would knock anyone unconscious."

* * *

He Got His Numbers Mixed

"YOU'RE getting entirely too fat, boy," said a trainer to chunk-headed boxer.

"If you don't want to out-grow your division you'll have to avoid candy, cake, pie, butter, ice cream, potatoes and things. Keep away from starchy things, especially."

"No starch?" asked the chunk-head.

"No!"

"But I look like heck in SOFT collars."

* * *

Question Box

ALFRED VOSOOKSDU, Miami, Ohio.

Q. Who was Johnny Dundee's first opponent?

A. James Figg.

Aloysius Fignewton St. Eclair, Detroit, Florida.

Q. I am awful anxious to become a pugilist but my fiance insists that I wear tights of a delicate hue of pink, and I just know that pink would never harmonize with my blue eyes and soft auburn hair. I hold that I should box in purple tights—deep passionate purple. What do you think?

A. You can compromise. Wear the pink panties dear, as I have an idea that you will be PURPLE enough after your first bout.

* * *

MOTTO: Right is might—but better lead with your left.

To Jack Dempsey:

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Jack Sharkey.

P. S. But I still think you fouled me in that 7th round.

* * *

Tit-for-Tat

WHEN John L. Sullivan was touring the country in his play "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" he engaged one of the stage hands in conversation

(*Continued on page* 25)

Nat Fleischer *Says:*

The Black Friday of Fistiana
Braddock and Ray Miller in Limelight
Stribling Scares off Heavyweights

FRIDAY, November 30, will long be remembered by boxing fans throughout the country as the night of surprises. The last day of the month brought gloom to three boys who were standing close to the top rung of the ladder in their respective divisions. Tuffy Griffiths, Jimmy McLarnin and Johnny Risko, will never forget November 30.

Tuffy came to New York like a conquering hero and left for his home burg, Sioux City a much subdued fighter for he was knocked out by James J. Braddock in the second round of their bout in Madison Square Garden.

Risko decided he would tune up for the bigger fellows in the heavyweight ranks by polishing off Jimmy Maloney in the Boston Garden, and instead, went back to Cleveland a saddened, but wiser individual, for Maloney gained seven out of ten rounds and jumped back into the heavyweight elimination tournament.

Jimmy McLarnin, carrying five pounds more than his opponent, Ray Miller, 137½ to 132, figured he would add to his list of victories the Chicagoan who has been coming along like a house afire, but poor Jimmy was so badly beaten in the Olympia of Detroit that his seconds threw in the sponge, acknowledging defeat as the bell sounded for the start of the eighth round, giving Miller credit for a seven round knockout.

And to add to the surprises, Kid Chocolate, the demon Cuban bamtam who has been knocking 'em off in great style since arriving in this country, received his first knockdown since the start of his invasion and fought a draw with Joe Scalfaro in the Garden of New York.

* * *

OF ALL the surprises, the biggest were the knockouts of Griffiths and McLarnin. In the case of Griffiths, scarcely a writer in the East gave Braddock a semblance of a chance. Most experts figured he would be knocked out in two or three rounds. The bout ended in the number of rounds figured, but with Braddock on the winning end.

The quick defeat of Griffiths, adds considerable interest to the light heavyweight division, for in Braddock, the class now has a great rival for Tommy Loughran. Braddock exhibited the same tremendous sock he showed when he broke the jaw of Pete Latzo, former middleweight champion. Pete still is carrying a silver wire to keep the jaw from moving out of place while mending.

That right hook that sent Tuffy sprawling for the first time, will upset Tommy Loughran or any of the boys in Braddock's division, if it lands. There was much criticism for the failure of Tuffy to take a count instead of wheeling to his feet while still in a dazed state and Tuffy's manager explains that there is some excuse for this ring ignorance, but I feel that for a fighter of experience, there is no excuse. Griffiths went down three times before Referee McPartland stopped the bout on the fourth knockdown, and in each case, Tuffy reeled and arose at the count of two.

"It might be remembered that Tuffy had won fifty-six bouts in a row and had never been floored, hence he had never gone through the sensation of a knockdown and therefore was in a quandary what to do," said Jack O'Keefe, Griffith's manager, but he fails to explain why his boy in fifty-six battles, had not been taught the value of a count when floored.

Speaking of Tuffy's experiences in his bout with Braddock, Dr. Walker, chief of the medical staff of the New York State Boxing Commission, offers an explanation for Tuffy's failure to take a count.

"His brain was partially paralyzed with that first right hook," remarked the doctor. He arose by instinct, not through pride."

Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that had Grif-

Compliments of the Season

To All Readers of "The Ring," to All Followers of Boxing—Greetings!
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

WITH this issue, THE RING completes its seventh year, seven years of progress, years that have seen this magazine grow from a local publication of 2,700 to an international circulation embracing every section of the world where boxing is followed.

The progress of THE RING is due to the splendid support of its vast army of readers. THE RING, true to its promise, has steadfastly refused to benefit financially through the insertion of objectional advertisements, and therein, the Publisher feels, lies to a great extent the reason for this magazine's success. With a splendid, high-class staff of sports writers, THE RING'S stories and editorial comment is so far superior to that of any other publication devoted wholly to boxing that there can be no comparison.

To our readers and our advertisers we renew the pledge to fight for all that is clean in boxing. We shall always keep in mind the aim of this publication—the betterment of boxing and its protection from the unscrupulous within and the enemies without.

The publisher takes this opportunity to thank his staff and all who have contributed toward the steady growth of THE RING. With your continued support, we have reason to expect in 1929, the most phenomenal growth ever enjoyed by a periodical devoted wholly to sport.

fiths taken a count, he might have survived that round and the bout might have ended differently. I still refuse to count Tuffy as a false alarm, for any fellow who can knock out Joe Anderson, must be a tough, good fighter.

As for Ray Miller, he has earned the right to a title bout with Sammy Mandell. He is now the outstanding figure among the lightweights.

Knocking out Lope Tenario and Jimmy McLarnin, ranks as one of the leading fistic feats of the year.

* * *

Schmelling Makes Good

THE knockout of Joe Monte by Max Schmelling, German heavyweight champion, stamp the European heavyweight as a fine prospect. Schmelling is a terrific puncher whose blows travel only a few inches and who, if he can learn how to get away when cornered, where he acts awkwardly, will be one of the headliners among the heavies in the coming elimination tourney for the Muldoon-Tunney belt.

Schmelling is a sweet fighter. He closely resembles Jack Dempsey not only in his poise and built and appearance, but also in the manner in which he fights. He rips in the punches with telling effect. His manager, Arthur Buelow, is an expert in fisticuffs and will have no difficulty priming Max for his big shots. Buelow is recognized abroad as one of the best referees and trainers in Europe. He is soft-spoken, cultured fellow who served as a captain during the world war and is well liked both abroad and in this country.

* * *

Heavyweights Fear Young Stribling

THE manner in which the leading heavyweights are running away from Young Stribling, does not speak well of the calibre of the men who are seeking to wear the crown which Gene Tunney abdicated. There was a report around Tom McArdle's offices in Madison Square Garden that the Georgia Peach had contracted small-pox and scarlet fever, hence the reason for shunning him, but a physician attached to the New York State Boxing Board gave Stribling a minute examination, and reported that he was in fine physical condition, in fact, in such splendid condition that he would be favored to stop most of those who refuse to meet him.

Therein lies the secret. That seems to be sufficient cause for the refusal of Jack Sharkey, Paulino, Johnny Risko, Knute Hansen and others among the leaders to enter the ring with the Georgian.

Asked for an opinion, Tex Rickard replied:

"Stribling at this stage is the furthest advanced of any of the boys who have entered my heavyweight elimination tournament.

"He looks to me right now as the best boy in the division and that is why the rest of the field is ducking."

And yet they persist in comparing the present crop of fighters to the old timers! In the old days if a fighter knew he had a chance to win a title, he would stake all on his chances. One seldom heard of the top notchers of a few years back refusing to meet a contender because he appeared too good.

Choosing an opponent then, was not the pastime it is now.

* * *

Tommy Loughran Errs

WHILE Stribling is idle because none of the heavyweights will meet him, Tommy Loughran is idle because the light heavyweight champion is being steered on the wrong track in laying claim to the title which Gene Tunney gave up. Tommy has an opportunity of a life time and should take advantage of it by demonstrating his ability as a heavyweight by entering the elimination field the same as all others who are seeking Tunney's crown. To do this, it may be necessary for him to give up his lightheavyweight crown, but in view of the statements Loughran is making about being the best among the heavies, he shouldn't hesitate to sacrifice his title.

Tex Rickard tried to get Tommy to fight Stribling and Tommy accepted terms, only to find that the ban was placed upon such bout by the New York State Boxing Commission which insists that Loughran may not fight heavyweights until he gives up the title he now holds. In this, we disagree with Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower.

There is no reason why Loughran, who has defended his light heavyweight title every time he was asked to do so, should be prevented from going after the heavyweight crown. Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott and other stars of bygone days fought men in higher classes without any personal injury and without injury to the sport, and there is no sane reason why the Boxing moguls should stop Loughran from seeking the possession of two titles.

However, I do feel that Tommy is injuring his drawing power by sending forth reams stating why he is the logical successor to Tunney. Tommy errs in this respect, for the heavyweight title belongs to no one at this writing. It will be owned only by the fellow who can successfully fight his way to such ownership.

* * *

Defeat of Anti-Boxing Bill on Coast

THOSE who have the interests of boxing at heart, were in their glory when the results of the referendum on boxing in California showed an overwhelming vote in favor of the retention of the sport.

The Anti-Boxing Bill was defeated despite considerable agitation on the part of the kill-joys who see nothing dangerous in football, in which nineteen deaths and almost 100 severe injuries were reported in the first five weeks of play this year, but see harm in boxing, because every now and then a fatality takes place.

The result of the vote proved a stunning blow to the opposition, as every indication tended to show that boxing would be killed by a huge majority. The boxing fans have answered the kill-joy and have done so in a most convincing manner. Perhaps, from now on, the blue noses will see the light.

The Ring has made an exhaustive investigation of the boxing situation in this country and on behalf of the sport, is proud to state that never in its history of boxing has this sport been conducted on so high a plane.

The legalization of boxing in twenty-nine states has placed the sport under the control of responsible men—men whose reputations, whose future, depend on their acts as governors of the field entrusted to them.

* * *

Conditions Long Obsolete

AS I remarked in the last two issues in discussing the "Big Fight" in which Jack Dempsey appeared and "Ringside," another play, the type of characters portrayed in those shows, the crookedness, the doping of water, the gambling in the dressing rooms and the murders depicted in these plays, may be true of boxing of forty years ago, but not of the legalized boxing of 1928. And that condition, the obsolete, is what the kill-joys, the blue law agitators, still harp upon in trying to eliminate boxing from the field of professional sport.

Just so long as boxing remains in the healthy, clean condition it finds itself at this writing, there is no reason for any anti-boxing legislation. It gives pleasure to millions, brings millions into the state and national treasury, and caters to an element that is as fine as the best in attendance at other sports.

There was no reason for trying to kill boxing on the Coast any more than there is reason for trying to kill it in any other section of the country.

The game is well-regulated, is guided by competent officials throughout the country. Let the voice of the people in the California test case be a lesson to other meddlers. Boxing is here to stay and will remain just so long as it is kept clean.

* * * *

Return Match Advisable

THE recent battle between Harry Ebbets and K. O. Phil Kaplan proved that Ebbets, although a fighter of the first magnitude, is not quite ready for such veterans as Kaplan. The boxers among the middleweights who surpass Kaplan can be counted on less than the fingers of one hand.

Too bad the fight ended as it did, for Kaplan is deserving of better fortune. He is not a foul fighter, but unfortunately, when in the heat of a stirring contest such as the bout with Ebbets, he is wont to bring his punches upward in a swing and

Watch for Tex Rickard's Annual Selections

* * * *

AS in the past four years, Tex Rickard's annual all-star boxing selections will make their appearance in the February number of this publication—the next issue. The "Tex Rickard Selections," regarded throughout the world as the leader of them all, can legally appear only in THE RING, and in such newspapers which receive these selections through national news agencies through the courtesy of THE RING.

Those who have been stealing our thunder, something which was initiated by THE RING in 1924, we wish to remind that these selections under Rickard's name are patented and copyrighted and newspapers or magazines using same without our permission will be prosecuted.

These ratings, made through an arrangement with Tex Rickard five years ago, have come to be regarded throughout the world as were the Walter Camp choices in football, and to our gratification, with but few exceptions, they have stood the test well. They are based not on what might transpire in the future, but what a boxer did the twelve months preceding the publication date. Almost every fellow named in the past has found that being chosen by Mr. Rickard added to the boxer's income considerably.

For the February rating, THE RING, as in the past year, has had its correspondents in the leading boxing centers submit a list based on performances in that sector, and added to these names will be a list prepared by each of THE RING's staff writers, Tom McArdle, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, Jess McMahon, former matchmaker who has helped in the last four selections, seven nationally known referees, and six sports writers from New York City.

Tex Rickard will prepare his own list as a guide and then will compare this with the 400 or more names submitted by THE RING Publisher and will name, from the combined choices, the All-Star Rating.

He will then dictate his reason for the ratings to THE RING Publisher for publication in our next issue.

Watch for Tex Rickard's Selections. They rank as the Official Rating for the Year and are published in every paper of note throughout the World.

In addition, the next issue will contain separate selections of the recognized leaders from every section of the country. These will be selected by our staff correspondents who will name the first three and three honorable mention choices in each division. Get your copy early. THE RING is a quick sell-out.

as his aim is usually for the pit of the stomach, the blows often are misinterpreted by officials.

In the fight with Ebbets, while it is true that the blow landed low, Kaplan should not have been blamed for landing below the belt. Ebbets, in trying to avoid what was a sure, terrific wallop, leaped towards the ropes to avoid the punch, and as he was in the air, he caught the blow. Under such circumstances, it seems to me that the referee should have used better judgment.

However, both boys are great fighters and when Ebbets is ready, a return match will fill any house.

* * *

American vs. Foreign Boxers

AN editorial which appeared in these columns after Andre Routis had beaten Tony Canzoneri for the world's featherweight championship, apparently has been misunderstood by many of the foreign readers of this publication. The Publisher of The Ring has received nine letters protesting that the remarks about the inferiority of foreign fighters is not a fact.

In substance, each declares that Europe has many excellent fighters who are the equal and in some cases, better than the present champions, but that unfortunately the ability of these boys is an unknown quantity in this country because they have never been seen by our experts and do not receive the opportunity to test their skill against our best.

With this I disagree. In my editorial I took occasion to show that American boxers as a group outclass the world, and that as a rule, the majority of foreign fighters rank no better than our second raters. I still hold this to be true. The average second rater in the United States is an excellent prospect, a fine fighter, hence I see no reason for taking offense at such statement of mine.

Analyze the field of European or South American fighters and see if my statement can be torn into shreds. With the exception of Paulino, Schmelling, and Phil Scott, who among the heavyweights sent from abroad in the last ten years has shown real merit compared to the American leaders?

Many Foreign Stars Fail Here

HOW many of the foreign champions who have visited our shores have shown top notch fighting ability? Paulino, Luis Firpo, Jimmy Wilde, Andre Routis, Kid Francis, Ted Baldock, Tommy Milligan, Luis Vicentini, and possibly half a dozen more proved good drawing cards because of their ability or the fact that they possessed ring color.

Now count the failures, and you'll hit a mark ten times larger than the number above mentioned.

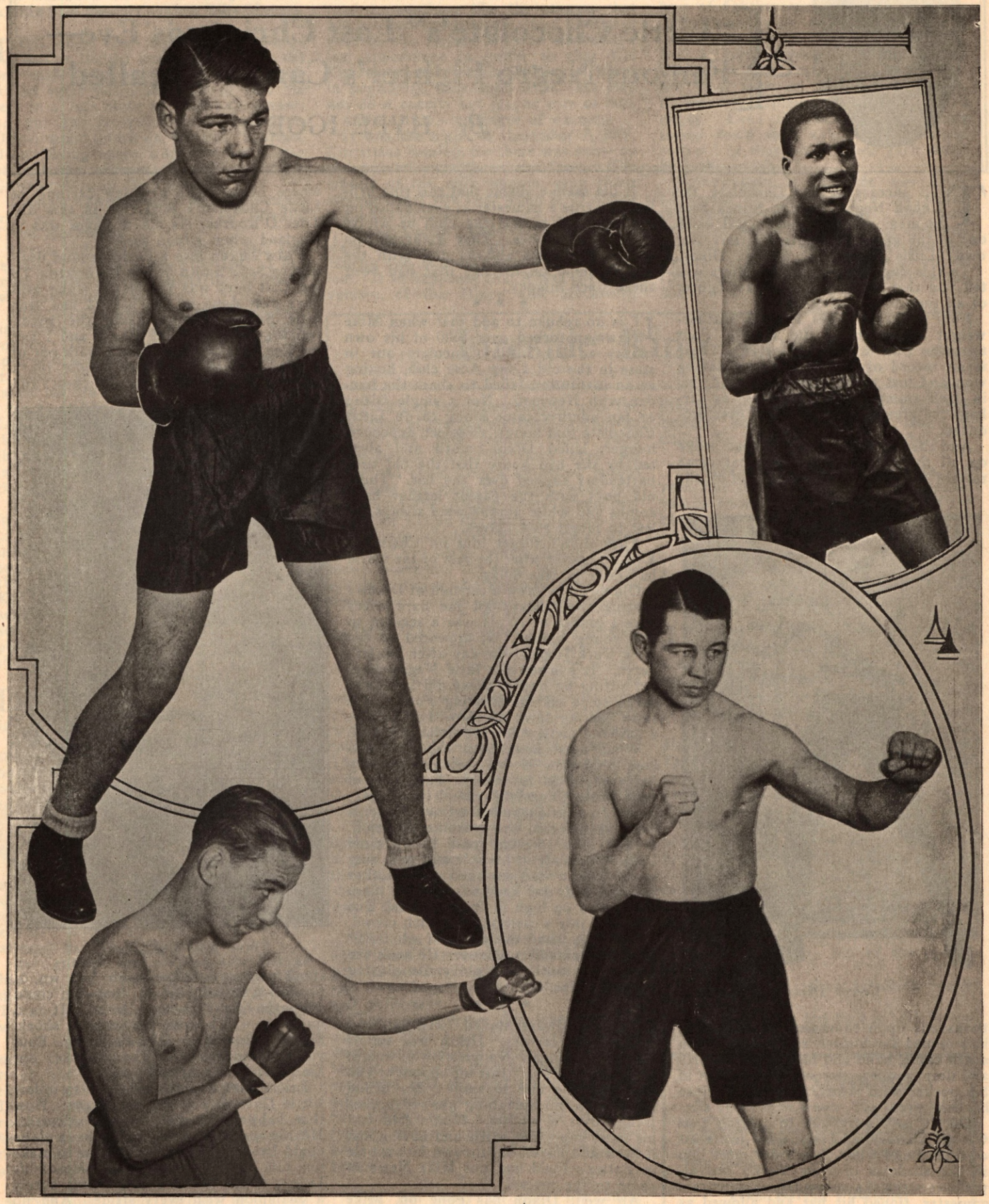
J. O'Connor of Montreal, mentions the defeats of Newsboy Brown, Maxie Rosenbloom, Al Brown, Benny Kid Carter, Sammy Shack among those whipped abroad.

Newsboy Brown was whipped in Madison Square Garden in the flyweight elimination tournament by Corporal Izzy Schwartz and does not rank among the first three in this country. Maxie Rosenbloom, selected among the elite by Tex Rickard in his annual rating last year, has not lived up to expectations. Tex's choices are not made on what a boxer might do in the coming twelve months but on what he did the preceding twelve, hence remarks about Tex's ratings being rotten, do not hold. In fact they have stood up remarkably well each year since started. Maxie last year was a topnotcher. He was rated sixth, but he fell considerably after the ratings were published and may not figure among the first ten this year. Defeating Maxie at this stage does not place a fighter among the world betters.

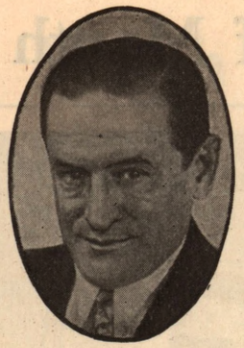
As for Al Brown, why not mention the many lads this negro whipped abroad? I saw him beat four sturdy youths while in France. Al at this writing has few equals in the bantam class. Rickard rated him fourth and today he ranks second best. As for Shack, Carter and Okun, they do not figure. Okun looked good last year, but he burned up quickly, and is now just an ordinary fighter. He was placed in the second division by Rickard last year and wouldn't figure among the first ten this year according to my figures.

Fairness is the Motto of The Ring, and in justice to our stand, I have taken this space to clear the atmosphere from any charge of favoritism. No boxing writer in America has done as much for foreign talent ashas the writer. The foreign boys know that.

They Figured Prominently in News of Month



Above Left to Right—Tuffy Griffiths, who after winning 56 consecutive bouts, was knocked out by James Braddock in Madison Square Garden in 1.40 of the second round. Gorilla Jones, one of the le ading middleweights. Bottom—left to right—Jackie Fields, who stopped Sergeant Sammy Baker and Billy Wallace, who is doing well in lightweight class.



Following the Fistic Trail

"Little Chocolate's" Last Christmas Eve—Famous Negro Fighter's Career Recalled

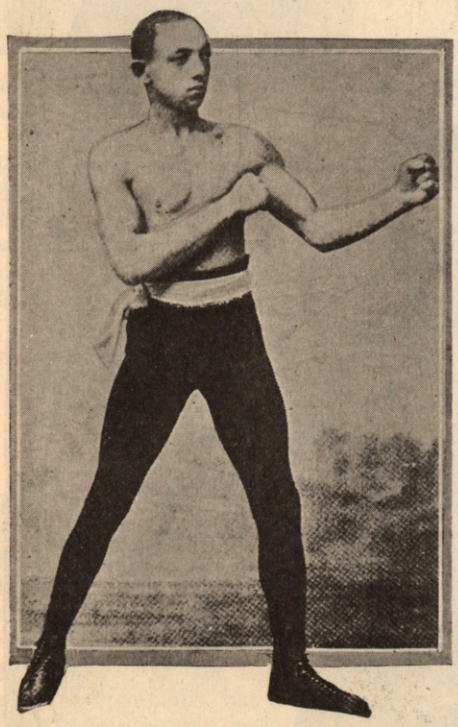
By HYPE IGOE

THE success of Kid Chocolate, the Cuban Negro bantam, brings back to memory the triumphs and finish one of the immortal Negro warriors, our own "Little Chocolate," George Dixon.

To this day, any of the old timers will tell you that he was the greatest fighter of all time in any division.

Four separate times he was featherweight champion of the world. Four times he won it, four he lost it. There is no record of any fighter ever having won and lost a title four times and this in itself stamps Little Chocolate as perhaps the greatest featherweight ever produced.

And they always found him dead broke on all those Christmas Eves that came toward the end of his career. Of all the



George Dixon

thousands upon thousands of dollars he had earned for himself and others, when death came, hand and hand with poverty and despair, there weren't two coppers in his pocket with which they could close his dead eyes.

Oh, it isn't a rebuke to boxing that George Dixon died broke. He made his own pace and when Death did meet him in the shadows of New York's unsympathetic streets, George Dixon, always a gamester, tipped his hat and allowed as how he had seen everything, but the thing before him.

It did seem a shame that this ring brilliant, as true a gamester as ever pulled on a glove, had to feel the chill of winter through his bones. They gathered him up in their arms and he died with the wistful smile on his lips that had been there since infancy.

* * *

IT is no rebuke to add that when Mike Newman forked over $600 of his own money to lay Little Chocolate out in state in the old Long Acre club, boxing as an institution failed to share the burden with Newman. Not a single friend or fan admirer came along to do Little Chocolate that honor. Neglect, exposure, hunger, killed Dixon, aided and abetted by the bad booze that the old time bartenders shoved over the bar. Those old boys with the patent leather haircombs and white aprons were always the last to forget ring heroes.

They didn't forget him on Christmas Eve, no matter what the rest of the world had done or was doing.

Old boy Tad drew a cartoon of Dixon's passing that always hit me hard every time I looked at it. It was a sermon to any young fighter. It appeared in the New York Journal the day after Dixon's death. It showed the little Negro derelict sitting on one of those old fashioned stone steps off the Roaring Forties, the snow beating down on his withered body, a pathetic picture for the holiday crowd.

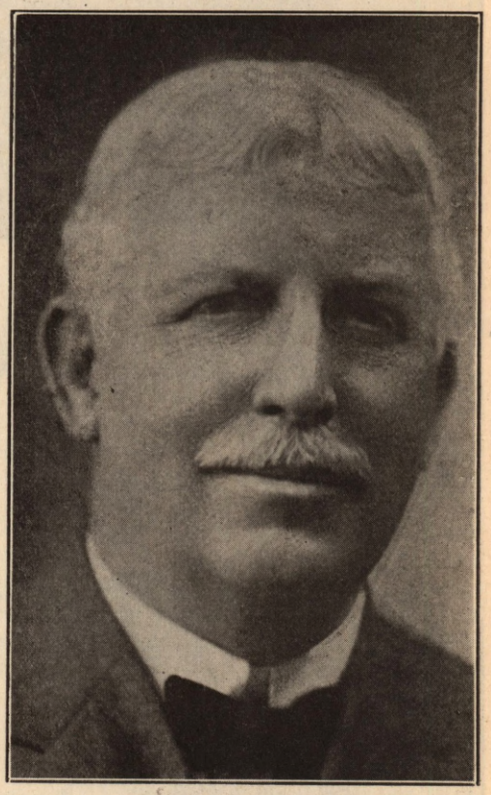
What must have been the little fellows thoughts if his befogged weary brain cared to function? Tad tried to read Little Chocolate's mind in the cartoon. In a little cloud effect over Dixon's head he pictured the extreme situation. It was of a howling mob, lifting aloft Little Chocolate in his spic and span ring togs. Dixon had knocked out another wonder and the cartoon showed them lifting him on high in their acclaim. But that was only a cartoon. No such crowd, in real life, lifted the dregs of what had been the matchless Dixon. He took the final count with that old smile playing about his lips.

* * *

DIXON always smiled. He had met all the terrors. Death was simply another opponent. No question of weight or purse or profit. Just an opponent and that was the cue to smile. No lifting crowd now, no hurrahing nor red necked frenzy over a winner. Dixon had lost his most important battle and having lost it he would have been thrown into a hole in Potter's Field had not Mike Newman come to the rescue.

Ah well, Dixon has gone on, Mike Newman has gone too! Gone is the old Long Acre Club and the office above it where hung Tad's gripping cartoon of Little Chocolate's final role in this life. Tom O'Rourke, his old manager was in England when Dixon died.

I saw Dixon lose a twenty round decision to Solly Smith in San Francisco. To me, that bout was the fastest thing men have ever done in this life. I had seen little Smith running along the roads, training near the Cliff House and I can see him yet, swinging into a walk out of a run, a piece of broom handle for a swagger stick. He was all chest and



Tom O'Rourke

shoulders, was Solly Smith but we of California didn't dream that he could whip the great George Dixon. It is a question which was the greater shock, Smith's winning or Dixon's losing. Four years previously, Dixon had knocked out Smith at Coney Island.

I remember how the kids used to follow Little Chocolate along the street. How that baby could glide over a sidewalk! He always wore a brown derby and he could have shown Al Smith how to make one talk. Tilted over on one side of his bronze dome, Dixon swung along, surely a champion with every stride. And no kid got in his way or at least Dixon made it so appear. There was a smile for every-

one of them and there wasn't one in twenty among them of his own race.

Dixon's greatest trumph came with the eight round defeat of Jack Skelly at New Orleans, in the Carnival in which Sullivan lost his title to Corbett. Dixon successfully defended his crown and Jack McAuliffe held the fort against Billy Meyers.

* * *

THE night that Sullivan lost, Dixon was an invited guest of the Club, the first man of his race to be so honored. As he came down the aisle to take his seat in a box close to Sullivan's corner, he got the reception of a potentate. Dixon went broke on his idol, Sullivan. Both having come from Boston it was natural that Dixon should back "The Greatest Roman Of Them All."

Dixon's downfall as a ring king came with his defeat at the hands of Terrible Terry McGovern.

Dixon had held sway over bantam and feathers alike until the little ball of fire from Brooklyn began to startle the world with his thundering fists.

Dixon, only a shadow of the Dixon that had been, was knocked out in eight rounds. It was the beginning of the spell which defeat had cast over him but it wasn't to be. A younger man had taken his crown.

Tom O'Rourke, whose affection for Little Chocolate was no less than that of the fans, tossed in a sponge when he saw the little fellow whom he had discovered in Cambridge, Mass., in 1889, helpless on the floor.

O'Rourke, in those days, a slender, fine looking welterweight oarsman, had gone to see a set of bouts with a friend. Little interest they had in the bouts until they saw a tiny Nova Scotia Negro thumping the daylights out of a white boy named Kelly. O'Rourke a trained athlete himself, turned to his friend after Dixon had scored a knockout and said; "What a pity he hasn't got someone to show him the finer points of boxing."

* * *

DIXON was working in a photograph gallery at the time and took up boxing for the fun of it.

The more O'Rourke thought about it the surer he was that this brown skinned boy had the real stuff in him. So without saying a word to anyone, he began to scout through the Negro district of Cambridge, looking for a "George Dixon." Little Chocolate had been that good that O'Rourke even remembered his name.

Tom saw a big Negro mammy leaning out of a window and called to her. Did she know a George Dixon, a little boxing man. Did she. Yes suh! He lived right chere! Would she ask George to call around to Mr. O'Rourke's cafe?

Sure enough, that evening, after George had got the word, without waiting for dinner, he went off to hunt O'Rourke. Tom had a local reputation of knowing what he was talking about.

And there in the bar of the cafe, they made the pact. O'Rourke promised to teach him. Dixon promised to stick to the end and fight as often as Tom asked. Dixon never broke that promise. It is a remarkable fact but Dixon, destined to become one of the greatest fighters of all time, was as easy to handle the final day of his career as he was the first.

* * *

AND now I come, perhaps, to the real reason that I wrote this story of Little Chocolate's last Christmas Eve.

It is to give the present Kid Chocolate a gentle word of warning. They told me recently that he had gone wild with success. I saw him come to the St. Nicholas Rink myself, to fight little Silverberg, with a painted lily of Harlem on his arm. That isn't the road to a title. It isn't even the road to anything like the success that Little Chocolate enjoyed. And I want to dash off this picture of Little Chocolate's last appearance in public so that Kid Chocolate, destined to fill Dixon's boots in popularity, may drink it in. He may not do it eagerly but just as sure as fate, it affords a pointed finger of warning.

It was the night of December 7, 1907. Christmas coming, for there was snow on the ground, crystals in the trees. The wheels of the milk wagons sang those strange tunes you hear when K. O. Frost is on the ground.

Young Corbett and Terry McGovern were appearing in an act at the old Hurtig and Seamon's music hall in Harlem. It so happened that it was the anniversary of the Dixon and McGovern fight. Joe Humphreys was talking about that great night in Terry's career. There came a gentle tap at the dressing room door. Joe opened it. A pitiful little figure in threadbare clothes swayed in the door way. Little Chocolate!

He was without an overcoat but the love of fighting and fighting men, even though they were finished like himself, had drawn him to their dressing room. Joe, a born showman, suggested that Dixon box with Terry. He did and Harlem went over on its ear in delirium. Humphreys explained Little Chocolate's plight. Even the kids in the gallery tossed down their coins. Mike Donlin refereed as they sparred and Jack Adler held the watch.

Never again in this life was Little Chocolate to appear before the public that professed to love him. One year later, January 6, Dixon died in Bellevue hospital from the utter neglect and exposure. He had seen the last of all his Christmas Eves. And he smiled to the last!

Fireside Ring Stories

STARS of the roped square, from the days of the mighty John L. Sullivan to the Jack Johnson, were good story tellers. Most of them were real witty and could keep a gathering laughing from the time the party went into session to the closing hour. Some carried their wit on the stage, as in the case of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Britt and McCoy, while others found enjoyment in keeping the good fellows of the old days, those who gathered around the fireside of a corner saloon, in good spirits.

* * *

SULLIVAN was, perhaps, the wittiest of all the old crowd, and was ready at any minute to set the table in a roar.

At one time a reporter asked him to write down the ten commandments from a pugilistic standpoint but the Boston Strong Boy replied, there is only one—follow that which you think best for you. Then, contrary to his usual rough procedure, John L. placed his right hand on the shoulder of the scribe, and looking him square in the eyes, said:

"Even the ministers of the gospel are fighters. They have been meeting Satan in the ring since the year 1. Although they have never knocked him out completely, the best the devil has ever gotten was a draw.

* * *

"The idea that fighters are all tough and vicious is erroneous. The fighter has just as much chance to reach the top and be as honest as the bankers, lawyers and politicians.

"The only person that ever had me winking while I was in the fighting game was a woman. She came to me and begged me not to fight her husband. She explained that she was afraid he would kill me, and she didn't want the father of her children to be a murderer. Well we fought, and her poor hubby heard the birds singing after I had landed my third punch.

* * *

"You can study all your life about knockout punches and how to deliver them, but there is one knockout punch that you must learn to avoid. "Old King Booze." He finally licked me. Learn to dodge this punch and you can win.

* * *

"I have knocked out 160 men in one year, but the hardest job I ever tackled was to knock out the first chapter of my book.

* * *

"I have made $1,300,000 and spent it, but I have no regrets. If I make another million, I hope to find another lot of good fellows to spend it on."

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT, who is a master at repartee, and a splendid actor, is always ready with a good yarn. The other day while in the Friars Club in New York and surrounded by several of his friends, Jim got off this good one:

"It was many years ago, and I was playing the lead in a melodrama in Taunton, Mass., that this happened. The morning after the opening night I went down into the dining room of the hotel. The service was bad and the food worse.

"Later I tried to get one of the bellboys to do an errand for me, and he forgot it. In exasperation I went to the clerk, who was standing back of the desk calmly chewing a toothpick.

"This is the worst hotel I ever stopped in," said I.

"Without removing his toothpick, the clerk, looking at me out of the corner of his eye, said:

"'Just like your show in which you're featured.'

"I said no more but beat it back to my room."

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Eddie Guida Latest Lightweight Sensation

By Francis Albertanti

WHILE Eddie Guida knocks his opponents stiffer than the proverbial mackerel, his father embalms and cremates the dead ones.

We have had sons of butchers, candle stick and button hole makers, fruit and vegetable vendors, lawyers, motormen and conductors, longshoremen, brewers, and grocers, disporting their wares in the roped arena but it remained for little Guida to make the undertaking profession famous in the realm of fisticuffs.

In other words, had not the youthful aspirant for Sammy Mandell's honors taken up the manly art, he undoubtedly would have been installed in his father's establishment. Victor Guida is the best known mortician in the "Little Italy" section of New York's seething Harlem.

Willie, one of two other brothers, essayed to play with gloved fists but in less time than it takes to tell it, returned to the casket and long candle sticks.

If it comes to pass that a large, or substantial forfeit is necessary to bind a match with Mandell, Eddie's dad will mortgage a couple of his houses. His uncle Louis, who is in the real estate business, will throw in a few lots for good measure.

Eddie doesn't have to fight for a living. His father has amassed a fortune and the whole caboodle of Guidas will never have to fear the old wolf at the door.

* * *

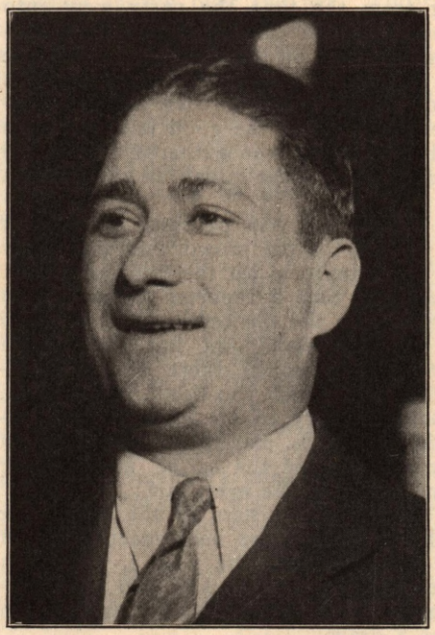
WHEN the fighting member of the family informed pa and ma that he was going out into the "cold, cruel," world to make his own living, explaining that boxing was his vocation, they offered no objection, as most parents do, be they rich or poor. Summoning Mannie Seamon, Eddie's capable manager and trainer, to his office, Victor Guida laid down the law to him in this wise:— "Eddie says he is going to be a great fighter, perhaps a champion." Between you and me he gave me a great thrill when he said that.

Of course, I don't like the idea of one of my sons being a fighter. But if he wants to be one I want him to be a good one, and it's up to you to steer him on the right path. Should the day ever come that he has to take unnecessary punishment, I wish you would return him to me because I need him in my business. I don't want to see him punched crazy."

Seamon, an old hand in both the managerial and training capacities, although very young in years, promised faithfully to carry out the older Guida's command.

As becomes most fathers and mothers who don't want to see their sons marked up in the ring, both Victor and Josephine Guida keep as far away from the scene of hostilities as they possibly can. Even the radio is silent on the nights Eddie fights. After the battle, however, Eddie 'phones his mother, gives her the old stuff "honest I'm not hurt," and then repairs home where a sumptuous dinner is spread. There is nothing cheap about the Guidas. Mannie tells us Victor Guida spends a small fortune entertaining relatives and friends.

While hundreds in the upper section of Manhattan Island turn out to see him perform, Eddie's greatest booster is Benny Leonard. The retired undefeated lightweight king has a high personal regard for the youngster. He has taken more than a fatherly interest in him first because he is being handled by Seamon, who trained Leonard for most of his important titular duels, and second for the



Mannie Seamon, manager and trainer of Eddie Guida. Mannie has trained four world champions and expects a fifth in Guida.

good reason that he sees in Eddie a great prospect to jump into his vacant shoes.

Only a few days ago Benny had a two hours' heart to heart talk with Guida. "To succeed you must live clean, train hard and do as Mannie tells you," advised Leonard. "Lay off the fair weather friends; they'll do you more harm than good. Save your money; keep away from cheap dance halls. Don't smoke or drink until after you have hung up your gloves, and then try and keep away from both habits the rest of your life. Don't gamble and be careful whom you lend money to. Your worst enemies will be your debtors. Be sincere. Be on the level with yourself. I have seen you fight once or twice and you have shown me that you have the fighting qualities. Keep up the good work."

* * *

TWO more ardent rooters are Jimmy Hines, Tammany leader and his man Friday, Jack Plunkitt. Many other members of the Monangahela Club on 112th Street and Manhattan Avenue have cleaned up handsomely in bets since Guida has become a topnotcher. Hines thinks the world of the kid and every night he fights, the big Democrat is there, with his face almost glued to the resin canvas.

Another fine thing that has endeared Guida to the hearts of the fistic populace is his open purse strings. In his last seven important scraps Eddie purchased one hundred $1 admissions for as many of his pals as couldn't afford the price. If he ever meets Mandell he will continue this policy regardless of price.

In thirty-three professional starts Guida is unbeaten. He participated in thirty engagements in the amateur ranks representing St. Lucy's Club. He weighed 116 pounds then. He began boxing when he was fourteen years of age. He recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday although he looks more like eighteen or nineteen. He stands 5 feet 7 inches and can easily scale 135.

Guida recalls how he crashed into the boxing game. Seven or eight of his school chums tried their hands in the amateur racket but each and every one failed miserably. When Frankie Bush, Mike Mongi, Pete Diamond, Red Magee and Frankie Kelly, learned that Eddie was going to take a whack at the game they all laughed up their sleeves. The laugh however, was on them because in his very first start Eddie knocked his opponent kicking.

* * *

STRANGELY, Eddie was graduated from the same school that manager Seamon quit in grade 6B, P. S. 83 on 109th Street between Second and Third Avenues. Another coincidence—Mannie lives in the same house that Leonard tenanted when he first became champion

Guida's path was not strewn with roses, financially speaking, when he branched out in the "pro" ranks. In his first two starts, both of which he won by kayoes, he received $12 for each fight. His biggest purse thus far was the $1,500 for beating Carl Duane.

In his first Madison Square Garden appearance, which means big time, he flattened Billy McMahon, Greenwich Village pride, in five heats. The Duane vic-

tory cinched some more bouts in Tex Rickard's arena. Another good fighter he wafted into the arms of Morpheus was Vincent Sanchez, who had been going great guns in the armories. Before showing in the Garden on December 14, Eddie enjoyed a brisk workout at the expense of Harry Scott. He has also beaten Georgie Balduc but most of the others he relegated to the scrap heap via the kayo, such as Al Matera, Eddie Holmes, Tommy Jarrett, Fred Alexander and Frank Porter.

After an automobile accident several months ago. Eddie bobbed up with seventeen stitches divided around his cheeks, chin and the back of one of his ears. He was laid up thirty or more days. Dr. Sol Rothenberg, Leonard's physician, patched up the little fellow in great shape.

That Eddie's mother has more than a passing interest in her son's pugilistic welfare, is attested by the fact that she recently commanded Emil Rossi, another Harlem lightweight, to go under Seamon's management. "Mannie has a wonderful way of seeing to it that Harlem fighters are not hurt," he informed Rossi," and I'd advise you to go with him if you are serious about fighting." Rossi in his last two starts under Seamon came through with flying colors.

THE skillful manner in which he managed and conditioned Lew Hurley for many of the durable Italian's splendid victories got Seamon the Guida job. Charles Puzo, another wealthy Italian, who cashed in many bets on Hurley, was the first to discover Guida. He used to see him work out in the gym and spotted class all over his young face. He implored Seamon "to grab the kid." Mannie made a fortune steering Hurley. Six other good fighters besides Leonard that Mannie trained were Ted (Kid) Lewis, Tod Morgan, Joe Burman, Archie Bell, Knute Hansen and Johnny Wilson.

Guida is what is known in fight circles as a combination boxer and fighter, something of a rarity these days.

Seamon knows that many a promising boy has been spoiled all too early by being rushed to the front. A money-mad manager or an equally financially ambitious boxer can easily be ruined in seeking matches that, while they mean immediate purses, are taken on at the expense of experience. They get the money in a year and more often than not are through in another twelve months or so. As Seamon says: "What is $15,000 or so, quickly gobbled up, and a short career when big money is to be had with patience and a career mapped out which will mean a title and something worth while." Mannie feels that he and Guida can afford to wait, with the idea that they'll get plenty finally.

"THIS BOY," said Mannie, "is more like Benny Leonard than anybody I have seen. and I have looked them all over. In a fight he never seems to tire. Neither did Leonard. He never complains in his corner. 'I feel great,' he always says at the end of each round, and he has nerves. I am going to go along with him as Billy Gibson went along with Leonard. Six months or a year mean nothing. I haven't got him licked yet, and I won't. I will pick his spots carefully, with the idea of gathering experience for him. Every once in a while I will throw him into a tough fight to note signs of improvement.

"There is no chance of the youngster ever going off the handle meanwhile, for if I am not on the job to watch for such a happening his father is. After each fight I intend to rest him up, that is, send him away for a let-up, just as Tunney always drifted out to the country after his fights. It will do him good. I don't think the youngster ever will go astray, because his mind is set on making a name for himself.

"Already he has a small army of followers in Harlem who might affect the future of a less level-headed boy. Of course, they would like to show him off after each fight. They would like to take him around to dances and do all manner of things, thinking to do him honor, but Eddie is not for any of that stuff. Home is the first thing he thinks of when he is through with a fight, and his father sees to it that there is plenty of good cheer for him and his friends right at the family board. Then again, his Dad, knowing the importance of a boy being in good shape continuously, if he is going to follow his fighting trade seriously, sees that Eddie doesn't neglect the work necessary to keep him that way."

William Muldoon—The Wrestler

(*Continued from page 7*)

draw. The last meeting was in San Francisco, when Whistler's collar bone was broken, and while Muldoon deserved the decision, the referee said draw. Whistler died a few years after.

MULDOON and Prof. William Miller wrestled in Madison Square Garden in April, 1880, from 8:45 p.m. till 3:29 a.m. without a fall. Muldoon proposed that he and Miller go into a room with only judges and referee and finish it. Miller said: "I'll see about it." Either his eyesight or his heart action was indifferent.

One of the prominent victims of Muldoon's wrestling skill was none other than John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy. Sullivan was by no means a novice in wrestling science, as he and other bare knuckle fighters were permitted under London rules to mix wrestling with boxing.

The contest took place in the Gloucester, Mass., ball grounds in 1887, and drew a crowd of 2,000. At the outset, Sullivan tripped Muldoon and forced him to his side. The latter arose quickly, and taking a waist hold on the heavyweight champion, lifted him off his feet and slammed him to the ground with a violence that shook the earth. Sullivan intimated he would like to finish the battle, according to London rules, but the crowd rushed in and stopped the combat.

Among other wrestlers defeated by Muldoon, was Tom McMahon, who went on with the understanding that he was to receive $2 for every minute he remained on his feet. He earned $28, being downed in 14 minutes.

Prof. Carlos Martino lasted 31 minutes in a match in Cincinnati. Other men defeated by Muldoon were Duncan C. Ross, Donald Dinnie, and Charles Bixamos.

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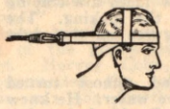

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R-1-29

Around The Metropolis

New York Jottings

By LEFT JAB

IT was a long time coming, meaning a break. That's all one needs in the boxing game, a little luck, and after that it's peaches and cream. The victor is lionized, his manager is allowed to enter Tex Rickard's sanctum sanctorum where he may meet up with some of the 600 Millionaires.

Opportunity didn't have to knock more than once on the glove tips of James J. Braddock, Ray Miller, and Jim Maloney for them to realize that major ring victory paves the way to fame and fortune. They not only came through with colors flying against Tuffy Griffiths, Jimmy McLarnin and Johnny Risko, respectively, but gladdened the hearts and replenished the pocketbooks of their persevering managers. A salvo of cheers are in order for the Messrs. Joe Gould, Hal Hixen and the big Irishman Dan Carroll, who have grown old and gray steering the lads to conspicuous positions.

Gould almost cried with joy when Braddock, his pride and joy, knocked out Griffiths stiffer than the proverbial mackerel. We could almost hear Hixon heave a sigh of relief when his "bad boy" Miller crushed McLarnin in the Detroit resin dust. How Carroll must have dried his tears on Maloney's shoulders and enjoyed the last laugh at the expense of the dried-up little Danny Dunn, Risko's manager, not to overlook Johnny Buckley, Jack Sharkey's pilot!

These mythical scenes were enacted on the never-to-be-forgotten evening of November 30. This night was a night of all nights. In New York's Madison Square Garden, Braddock stunned a record crowd by showing up the much touted western phenom Griffiths; another record assemblage sat awed in the Detroit Olympia as Miller slaughtered McLarnin, and the new Garden in Boston was the scene of the Risko debacle.

Exactly 52,653 fans sat in at the three history making events. They paid $149,632.32. Nineteen thousand cheered Maloney's victory in the Hub for record receipts of $37,386.50; some fifteen thousand crowded into the Detroit arena for receipts of $55,000, and 18,653 persons were packed like sardines in Rickard's emporium for a gross "gate" of $57,245.82. Ten thousand more were turned away at the Garden.

Who said boxing had gone to the doldrums? Take back "dem woids" you knockers; the boxing business is better than ever. More new faces are coming in, several embryo champs are in the making. The low cost undoubtedly is writing figures on the right side of the ledger.

GOULD begged, borrowed and almost turned burglar to keep his head above water. He knew he had a great prospect in Braddock but between broken hands, illnesses and getting the well known run around from matchmakers, Gould almost despaired of getting out of hock with the classy Jersey City light heavyweight. It is not divulging any secret to state that he sold a half interest in Braddock to a popular sports man several months ago.

The hustling Gould picked up Braddock in one of the gyms several years ago. He saw in him the makings of a second Gene Tunney. Gould told the writer a million times, it seems, that the time was not far distant when Braddock would make good.

The night after Braddock broke Pete Latzo's jaw in a Newark ring, we happened upon Gould on Broadway and 47th Street. He invited us to take a ride with him. On the way uptown Joe unfolded his trials and tribulations.

"Gosh, I've got a great fighter but I can't get him work," and then he went at great lengths to describe Braddock's glowing victory over the tough Pole. "The kid's found his punch and watch him smoke henceforth," Joe yelled after he dropped us off at the corner.

One week later Gould was to be found in Tom McArdle's cubbyhole office in the Garden. Joe was seeking work. Braddock was ready for the best of them. About this time Mr. Tuffy Griffiths was raising cain in the middle west. Joe refused to take "no" for an answer. We don't know what was in McArdle's mind but we could see through his chubby face and blue eyes that he was for having Braddock knocked off. Now, don't misunderstand us. In all fairness to Tom, he didn't as much as say a word along these lines.

Possibly to get rid of Gould, he broached the Griffiths match. Did Gould faint or stagger out of the office, mumbling: "These matchmakers are a lotta boloney." No, sirree. He stood his forte like a gamester.

"Trot out contracts," commanded Gould. "Braddock's ready for a hundred Griffiths!" McArdle lost no time making the match.

WHEN Griffiths arrived on the scene of hostilities, many of the experts trekked to see him perform, wrote volumes on his ability. One went so far as to state that "I feel very sorry for Braddock; he'll get kayoed in one or two heats." The night of the fight found the wiseacres laying 3, 4 and 5 to 1 against Braddock. And even money—two to one at ring time that Griffiths would celebrate his eastern debut with a knock out.

Ed Sullivan, sports editor of The Graphic, was the only writer who fancied Braddock. He asked us to get him down for fifty smackers at the prevailing odds. We chased after a few so-called gamblers but the best they would give was 3 to 1. On second thought, however, they emitted the old cry: "Loaded," meaning they couldn't stand to lose any more. Sullivan's wails could be heard almost to Portchester after Griffiths was annihilated.

The first right hand punch on the point of the chin at the beginning of the second round spelled Griffiths' doom. After that James J. knocked him down so many times that we lost the count and Referee Kid McPartland humanely intervened to save the so-called Tuffy from getting killed.

Griffiths is not a bad fighter; he showed us a few things in his favor but he will have to wait another year before he can climb to the dizzy heights. As much as we felt glad to see Gould get a break, we also felt a bit sorry for the likeable Jack O'Keefe, the former Chicago dick, who manages Tuffy. O'Keefe was heart broken after they dragged his boy to the corner. Another person who felt the blows worse than Griffiths was his second "Whitey" Eckhardt. Ad Gold was sick in the tummy.

Before he stopped Latzo, Braddock was an in and outer. A year ago he lost to Paul Cavalier. Before he fought Griffiths, James J. had turned in twenty-five knockouts, several against heavies, one of whom was George La Rocco. His Griffiths victory was his forty-second fight. Six feet, two inches in height, Braddock has the frame and build of a heavyweight. He has plenty of time for he was but 22 in June.

NOW we'll let you in one some dirt in re Hixon and Miller. Hixon is a hoofer, and a good one. He gets "tops" for his work. A couple of years ago he thought up the bright idea of identifying himself with the cauliflower industry. He was playing in Chicago and somebody introduced him to Miller, who besides being a fighter is considered a good cartoonist. Ray couldn't get along with his manager; he begged Hixon to buy the contract. Hal happened to be flush so he peeled off five one thousand dollar notes and Miller was his first and only fighter.

Miller is either temperamental or unjust. Whatever the cause, both Ray and Hal just couldn't make a go of it. Hixon was for selling him time and again, but he would change his mind and hang on to a bad deal, as he thought.

Little did Hal dream that despite all his troubles, he was managing a boy who before the new year is a few months old, may win the lightweight championship. The first thought along these lines came to Hixon's mind the night Miller stopped Sid Terris.

"Aha," mused Hal, "things are finally picking up." Dave Brown, an old hand in the managerial racket, buoyed up Hixon's spirits. Since then both Dave and Hal have handled the youngster faultlessly.

The day Hixon signed for the McLarnin match, we up and stated: "Jimmy will knock him right in your lap." Brown tried to make us believe otherwise, demonstrating with his left hand how Ray was going to knock the tar out of the Vancouver boy. A few seconds after the fight ended—McLarnin didn't come out of his corner for the eighth round—Brown phoned Benny Leonard as follows:

"Ray clouted the tar out of him all the way. He had McLarnin's right eye gashed in the first round and he battered him all over the place in about every round after that. There was a big mob on hand, and they went wild. Miller weighed only 132 pounds and McLarnin scaled 137½. This kid is the coming champion to fill your shoes, Benny, and you can bet all the tea in China on that."

Miller won with the first punch, a left hook that broke a blood vessel under McLarnin's left eye. Jimmy hurt Ray with a right smash on the chin in the fourth but thereafter the Windy City left hooker hit McLarnin where and whenever he pleased.

Terry Rotchford, a good friend of ours, who saw the fight said that McLarnin was badly handled in the corner. When he was cut they couldn't stop the flow of blood and at the end of the seventh round Pop Foster didn't know how to throw in the towel. Jimmy couldn't come out for the eighth.

Despite the defeat, McLarnin is still a big card in Detroit. Promoter Dick Dunn wants the fight right back again. Miller says he will wait until Champion Mandell is ready to face him.

McLARNIN is more to be pitied than censured. He is probably the most mismanaged fighter we've ever known. His manager pulled a monumental bone throwing him in against such a stiff puncher as Miller after a layoff of nearly four months.

The kid wasn't trained right for his losing stand against Sammy Mandell. McLarnin is loyal to Pop Foster but loyalty doesn't always get you the old shekels. Foster was offered $17,500 to fight Joe Glick, less dangerous than Miller (that's our opinion) but he refused to talk turkey. Pop wanted the whole house with Texy's yacht thrown in for good measure.

We hope the defeat has not broken McLarnin's heart. He's a great little fighter, one of the finest little fellows in the land, but as he grows older and hopes to continue fighting he had better make Foster see the light and change things around a bit—from a managerial standpoint.

The cry is "bring on punchers." We would hate to see the youngster hang up his gloves.

Commenting on Risko's victory which was handed to him on a silver platter over George Godfrey, we said that the punishment the big Negro dealt out to the Cleveland Rubber Man in the stomach that eventful evening had ruined him. Risko hasn't been one-tenth the man he was that beat Jack Delaney, Jack Sharkey and other topnotchers, and he is going from bad to worse.

A report of the Boston fight shows that Maloney wore down Risko with body blows. The win brings back Maloney in Tex Rickard's heavyweight eliminations. Whether he makes good or not in his second attempt to gain the big laurels, Maloney will add several more thousands to his large bankroll. Jim has salted away a small fortune. More power to him.

ANOTHER 5 to 1 shot almost went the way of all big favorites when Joe Scalfaro, Harlem pharmacist, floored Kid Chocolate with a triphammer right on the whiskers in the first second's fighting. This was the semi-final to the Griffiths-Braddock debacle. Scalfaro knocked down the little Cuban while the crowd howled with glee. Chocolate's brown body and face almost disappeared in the resin dust.

The Cuban got up but he didn't know where he was at for the next five rounds. Scalfaro, try as he might, couldn't park the same punch with the same deadly effect the remainder of the fight. It was one of the most thrilling featherweight duels ever seen. Scalfaro was supposed to be a set-up but he came near spilling the works in the very first round.

Tom McArdle is earning his $300 a week making matches for Tex Rickard. Thus far he has had two sellouts and three more cards which will enrich the Garden offers. The Joe Glick-Baby Joe Gans fight drew a big crowd and you couldn't squeeze another person into the amphitheatre when Griffiths and Braddock squared off.

The Ace Hudkins-Rene De Vos scrap on December 10 drew another bumper crowd. Between the Braddock and Hudkins' fights, the six-day bike race showed a profit of more than $200,000.

Glick, by the way, was entitled to the decision over Gans. He got off to a big lead and before the Negro found himself the Williamsburgh battler had the verdict cinched. Many thought Gans was deserving of a draw at least, but we disagree with them.

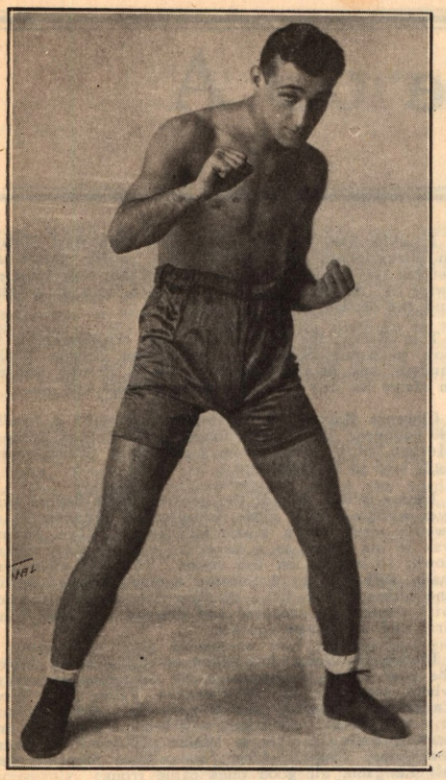
IT was too bad the onslaught between Phil Kaplan and Harry Ebbets ended in a foul. Kaplan was winging in front when Referee Louis Magnolia without any hesitancy disqualified him for committing the unpardonable foul. If a foul was committed it wasn't Kaplan's fault because Ebbets jumped up almost to the second strand when he saw one of Phil's left hooks coming his way. That an injustice had been done Phil was evidenced at the meeting of the Boxing Commission when the solons refused to set him down.

Bring them on again. Ebbets received a lacerated lip forcing him to postpone several matches.

Young Stribling was disappointed to learn after coming all the way from Bainbridge, Ga., that Napoleon Jack Dorval couldn't fight him because of a bad arm. The day before he arrived in New York Stribling's wife gave birth to a boy. He was named William Stribling the Second. A few nights ago the Dixie heavyweight knocked out the roly poly Ray Neumann.

Nat Rogers, McArdle's man Friday, is doing very nicely these days, thank you. Besides Scarfaro, who made a tremendous hit against Kid Chocolate, the bewhiskered Nathaniel manages Marty Silvers, Frankie Bauman, Charley Williams and Ritchie Graham.

AL SINGER, the Bronx feather, will make more money than Benny Leonard and Sid Terris if he continues his winning streak. He turned in a scintillating performance recently by knocking out Lou Moscowitz, who is nobody's fool. Singer's manager, Hymie Caplain, like Jack O'Keefe, Pop Foster and Danny Dunn, wept crocodile tears when he saw his



K.O. Phil Kaplan, who always packs 'em in when fighting in New York.

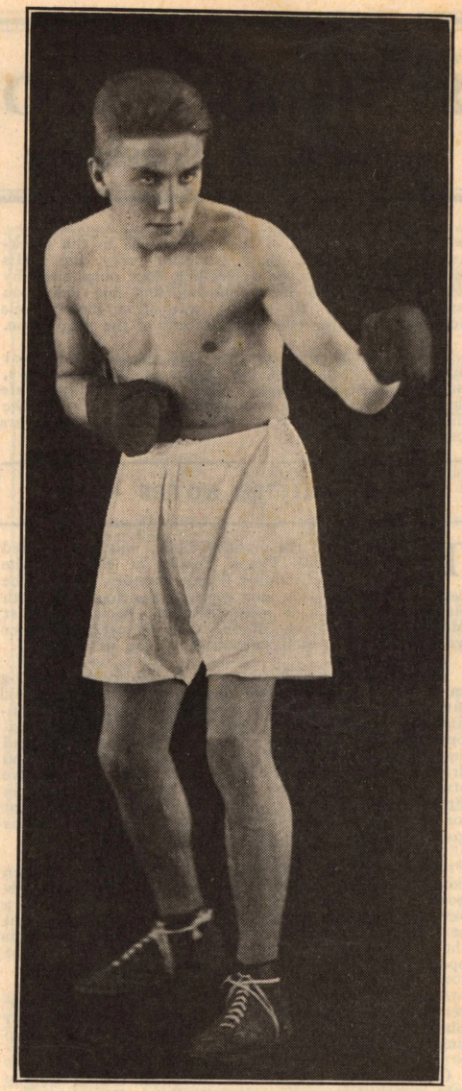
Jackie Schweitzer knocked out at the hands of Kid Chocolate. Schweitzer put up a game stand but the Cuban had too much class.

Dominick Petrone has turned a new leaf. The popular Harlem Italian who squandered all his ring's earnings on wine, women and song, is fighting like his old self again. The kayo he suffered at the hands of Benny Bass—the referee stopped the fight—made Petrone sit up and take notice. If he quits broke he has no one to blame but himself. Phil Rosen is another broken-hearted manager.

Perfumery Jack Kearns tried to sneak in his third rater, Andy Mitchell, against Young Stribling at the Garden, but the alert Boxing Commission squelched his best laid plans. Then he threw him in with George Hoffman but Mitchell didn't please with his glove wielding. He has a brother Leo who appears to be a much better fighter. Leo recently whipped Al Braddock and knocked off one Armadeo Grillo.

Harry Cohen, who fought under the nom de plume of Kid Griffo under the Horton Law days, passed into the Great Beyond a few weeks ago. Although not a topnotcher Cohen put up many good fights. He handled Dominick Petrone in most of the Harlemite's best bouts.

Harry Ebbets, who won on a foul from K.O. Phil Kaplan.



Pete Sanstol, former Norwegian bantam king who is rated high.

IKE DORGAN may cable Teddy Sandwina to come back to America. Since he went back home the son of the strongest woman in the world, Kate Sandwina, has scored fourteen consecutive knockouts. In the semi-final to the Corporal Izzy Schwartz-Spider Pladner flyweight titular duel in France, Sandwina disposed of Carl Carter in seven rounds. Ike can use Sandwina very nicely considering that his lightweight Lope Tenorio was recently flattened by Ray Miller in two heats, and Harry Ebbets is on the injured list.

Dave Brown has a corking middleweight prospect in the socking Harry Smith, the Harlem Negro. In Detroit on the McLarnin-Miller card Smith knocked out Willie Feldman. This was the first time Feldman, who hails from the east side, was ever stopped.

Andre Routis, new feather king, received $12,000 fighting ten rounds at catchweights against Honeyboy Finnegan, at the opening of the Boston Madison Square Garden. Routis and his wife and manager Joe Jacobs sailed for France on December 8. Frankie Genaro and Jack McVey will join them in two weeks. Jacobs will be away from his desk three months. In his absence Prof. Bill McCarney will sit in and make matches.

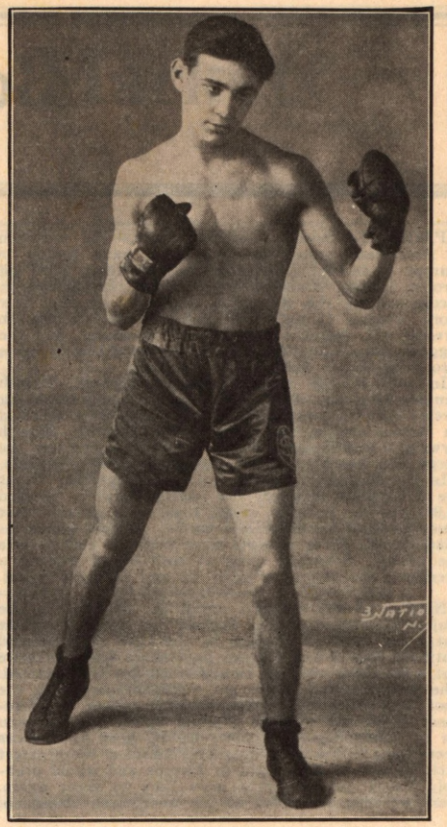
"Tex" Sullivan, Tex Rickard's head office boy, is sporting a cane. His excuse is that he injured his ankle delivering press notices.

Walter St. Denis is the Garden's new press agent. He took charge on December 3. He was formerly sporting editor of the Globe. He is the right man in the right place.

Major Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., of Philadelphia, has purchased a cheering interest in Reve De Vos, Belgian bearcat. Lew Burston, who has managed the foreigner for nearly five years and whose contract has some time to run, wishes it made known that no matter how big a share of himself De Vos sells, he will still retain 33 1-3 per cent.

The east side is rooting for Jimmy Slabine, a youngster who is doing good work. He recently defeated Pete Passifiume.

Jack Bernstein's swan song was sung two weeks ago when he was knocked out by Bruce Flowers. Bernstein is wealthy. He fought one fight too much.

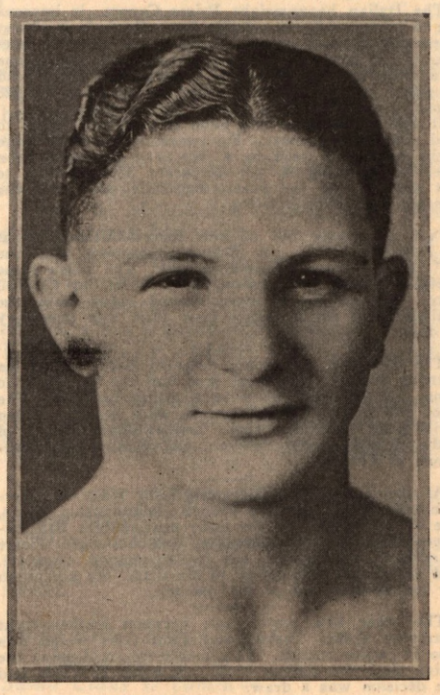


Al Singer, one of New York's greatest little fighters.

Joe Rocco, crack armory feather, may retire. He has a wealthy brother, a subway contractor.

Jim Corbett is very much stuck on Billy Bruns, Dartmouth University scrapper, who is under Ike Dorgan's management. The other day Ike received the following letter from his brother Tad:—"Jim Corbett 'phoned me yesterday and was chatting fights. Says Singer is the best boy he has seen and then he said:—'I saw a young fellow named Billy Bruns the other night and I liked him a lot. He showed lots of promise. He doesn't know how to block though and . . . . ' Then I told him Bill was your boy. 'Tell Ike to bring that fellow over to the house some day. I'd like to tell him a few things.'"

Bruns knocked out Walter Sells in three heats in one of the preliminaries on the Braddock-Griffiths card. Harvey Cohn, track coach at Dartmouth, recommended the young man to spendrift Isaac. This was his fourth consecutive win under Ike's wing.



Izzy Grove, Harlem welterweight, coming to front.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS—By Special Correspondence.—The invasion of Americans across the Big Pond gave boxing in Europe a decided boost this past month. With Al Brown, leading American bantam and Izzy Schwartz, recognized as the flyweight champion by the New York Boxing Commission, showing their wares on French soil, Jeff Dickson, premier promoter, had the biggest crowds and the best gates since boxing came into existence in France.

In one of the bouts, Johnny Cuthbert, British bantam king and Al Brown fought a heart-throbbing twelve round draw and in the other Schwartz received an unmerciful beating from Emile Pladner, French flyweight and bantam king, Schwartz being on the verge of a knockout at the end of the twelve sessions.

In the Cuthebert-Brown battle on November 17, at the Velodrome d'Hiver, the paid admissions reached 15,000 and the receipts, at $12 tops, were greater than those at the Carpentier-Siki battle. In the Schwartz-Pladner tilt, these receipts were bettered and so was the crowd. Standing room at both shows was at a premium, speculators offering $15 and $20 for a ticket.

Neither of the contests ended in surprises as the majority of experts here figured the Brown-Cuthbert battle an even affair, but in the case of Schwartz, until the day of the contest, he was an 8 to 5 favorite but went down to even money when the bout started. The French people were not quite satisfied with the poor sportsmanship of Schwartz's manager, who refused $8,000 flat to fight Pladner again to a decision for the championship, Pladner having been five ounces overweight in the first contest. Pladner is the greatest little fighter at his weight in Europe and would probably knock out Schwartz were they to meet again. Here we regard Pladner as the uncrowned champion.

JEFF DICKSON, the very able promoter, who is greatly responsible for the high grade of boxing in Paris, will probably be seen in the promotion line in England, during the next few months. His marvelous success in France, has attracted considerable attention in England, and he has had calls to go across the Channel, and stage some entertainments in England.

The latest sensation in French circles is middleweight Marcel Thil. He is probably the best man at the weight since Georges Carpentier was making the poundage. Many American fight fans that have seen Thil, in action, quote him as being a second Stanley Ketchell. In his recent performances in Paris rings, he has knocked out in short order, four of five boxers who some time ago had received point decisions against him. He will meet the fifth of the lot this winter, and there is no doubt but he will be sent to the blacksmith shop like the other four were.

Thil, has developed a terrific punch in both hands during this year. Watch, this young man. There have been several offers made to Thil, to go to America. Promoter Dickson, however, has him signed up for two years, not to fight for any other promoter, and for the next year at least Thil, will do all of his fighting in Europe.

The Italian heavyweight Primo Canera, is improving in boxing skill remarkably fast. He finds it almost impossible to find an opponent to meet him. He met four of the best and he toppled them over one by one in a round or two. Promoter Dickson, has endeavored to get a heavyweight from England to meet the 275 pound, 6 feet 10½ inch giant. But, nothing doing.

It appears as if he will have to visit the States to find suitable opponents. He consumes on an average eight pounds of food in a day, and manager Leon See, is beginning to get desperate being unable to get matches for the giant, especially so during the present high cost of living.

ON the same bill as the Brown-Cuthbert fight Marcel Thil, the French champion and the Italian crack Leopardi fought. The finish came early in the second session, when a left to the full face, followed by a short snappy right, sent the Italian down for a longer cout than was necessary to lose.

The Spaniard, Sebastian, defeated Kid Paul in six rattling rounds. The next bout had the Italian Aldo Linz, and Delobelle, of France, doing business. The bout which was for ten rounds went to the Italian on a point decision. Light heavyweight Ubaldo, of Italy, earned a clear twelve round victory over Phil-leaux of France.

At one of promoter Dickson's Salle Wagram entertainments he staged two French championship fights, one of which was for the light heavyweight title between the holder Abel Argotte, and challenger, Pierre Gandon. The distance was twelve rounds. Argotte, had no trouble holding on to his title. He accounted for ten sessions out of the journey.

The other title match was between featherweight champion Bobby Tassin, and Paul Gay, which was also at twelve rounds. The boys were so close at the finish that the judges could not seperate them and the decision was a draw.

General Descamps, is not having too good success with his stable at the present time. He had a couple of Italian heavyweights that he was touting along as world beaters. Both of them were sent to the blacksmith shop before they travelled very far. His European champion, Jack Walker, was outpointed by the British negro Len Johnson, and his champion middleweight, Barth Molino, was in a motor cycle accident which for ever put him out of the ring game.

The boxing game is cutting into the big restaurant business in Paris. On the nights of the big shows, such well known places as Ciro's, Maxim's, and Cafe de Paris, find their places about empty after the dinner hour, and the doors are closed several hours before the regular time.

BRITISH NOTES

TED MOORE, the middleweight, was disqualified in a bout with Frank Fowler at York, in the twelfth of a scheduled fifteen rounder. When the bout terminated, both men were on the floor, and both claiming foul. The referee, however, decided against Moore. At the time of the disqualification, Fowler was ahead on points, according to the officials.

There are many French and Italian boxers boxing in England some as headliners, few of whom could find work in Paris rings, as preliminary or semi-finalists. Vinez, who topped the bill at the National Sporting Club, against Steward, is practically a dead one in France. Never at his best was he a good drawing card, there being too much of the defensive stuff in his ring work. When he lost the title in France some months ago, he announced his retirement for good which pleased the French fans, still he is good enough to be a headliner in England.

Primo Ubaldo, an Italian light heavyweight has been boxing in England for some time, and he has made good. In a recent match against George Slack, a very useful boxer from Doncaster, which was fought at the Ring in London. After fifteen sizzling rounds the verdict was a draw, although many were of the opinion that Ubaldo, had the best of the going.

Aldo Linz, an Italian lightweight, at the same entertainment, received a point decision over Tommy Slattery, of Blackfriars, after fifteen rounds of Bustling fighting.

Gipsy Daniels, the British champion cruiser-weight, was matched for a bout against Franz Diener, former German heavyweight champion, for a bout to be held during the early part of December. Owing to an injury Diener, sustained in one of his eyes during training, the bout has been postponed until January. The fight will be staged in Leipsig.

They do keep fighting them at a young age in Great Britain. A little fellow named Jack Negal, of Bethal Green, who is just passed fifteen years of age, has already had nine professional fights. He has won them all. This boy is clever and would have a bright future in front of him if held down to four round bouts, and not too many of them.

Welterweight Nipper Moore of Sheffield, in a bout held in his home town, against the Italian Nicholas Perazio, won a decisive victory in the eleventh of a scheduled fifteen rounder, when the seconds of the Italian tossed in the towel.

Bethnal Green, London, turns out many boxers. Con Lewis and Jimmy Thornton, from that section have recently competed in two contests, the first being over ten rounds, which was decided a draw, the second match was at twelve sessions, and again the referee could not seperate them. They will probably be matched for fifteen or twenty rounds to try and find a winner.

At a series of bouts held at Birmingham, last month, Sonny Doyle, a very likely youngster defeated Sam Shaw, on points. Jim Roper (Birmingham) scored a point victory in ten rounds against Trenfield (Yardley). Boxing is going big at the three local clubs in the old fighting town.

Italian boxers are still very plentiful in England. In a fifteen round scheduled fight between Enzo Fiermonte of Italy, a 160 pounder against Frank Ogden, of Manchester, which was held at the National Sporting Club, the Italian, was disqualified in the seventh round, after he had received several cautions for slapping. At the same entertainment Christian Fortmann, the German middleweight, after eight rounds of fast clean fighting was defeated by Rig Price, of Birmingham.

Jack (Kid) Berg, who recently returned from the States, has had several challanges flung at him. Harry Corbett and Jack Hyams, are two who are very anxious to meet Berg, at any weight.

In the recent fight held at the National Sporting Club. London, between the British lightweight champion, Sam Steward, and the former French title holder, Lucien Vinez, referee C. H. Douglas, after fifteen rounds, decided the bout a draw.

Frankie Ash, who fought a draw with Bert Kirby, in Birmingham, is looking for a return match at 8st 21b (114 pounds), Ash is the boy that was defeated twice by "Spider" Pladner, of France, once on points, and the second time by knockout.

Tom Berry, the former champion cruiserweight, is now in bonny Scotland, training the Gordon Highlanders, and at the same time he is getting himself in shape for any one that cares to take him on.

Clarence Barton, of Birmingham, is quite a hardly 140 pounder. He recently fought and defeated, Johnny Morgan, of Pontypridd, on points in a fifteen round fight held in Birmingham.

Jimmy Wilde, one of the greatest little boxers that ever wore a boxing glove, accepted an engagement of twenty weeks as a music hall star. When Jimmy was in his prime as a boxer he turned many offers down, to appear on the stage. The last offer was made with a very handsome salary attached to it, and although the little ex-champion is well supplied with money, he accepted and decided to make it his first and last stage venture.

Boxing in Wales, has taken on a big boom during the past year. Gymnasiums are springing up everywhere especially in the Swansea Valley and West Carmarthen district, and if present activity is any criterion the above sections will become the most important boxing centres in Wales. It was from there that Gipsy Daniels, Idris Jones, Glyn Stephens and Alf Langson, all good ones came from.

Middleweight Harry Craig, of Chelsea, who is a great favorite with the Ring of London patrons, lost some of his popularity there when he was defeated after fifteen rounds of hard fighting by Jimmy Car, of Reading. The latter used a very handy left hand through the contest and he earned a clean cut victory.

Liverpool, continues to be quite a lively boxing city. At a recent entertainment held at the Stadium, Alf Mitchell, defeated Terence Morgan, on points, and Alf Howard of Liverpool, knocked out Charlie Baxter of Birmington in the fourth round, both bouts were scheduled for fifteen sessions.

Pat O'Keege, the old English boxer, is now the promoter at the Illford Skating Rink. He had Marine Trinder, a fairly good heavyweight, and Battling Sullivan, as one of his feature bouts last month. The distance was fifteen "threes," and Trinder after a hard fought battle was the winner on points.

At the same show Charlie East, of Canning Town, won over Harry Stone, of Chadwell Heath, in a twelve round bout, Billy Handley (Hackney) defeated Johnny Stephenson (Poplar), and Alf McBride (Purley) outpointed Billy Reed (Bow). Promoter Pat, who was known to American fight fans some years ago is doing very well in his new venture at the Skating Rink.

Nel Tarleton, of Liverpool, and the Belgium bantamweight, Verbist, who had a hot encounter a short time ago have been rematched for fifteen rounds in a bout to be held at the Liverpool Stadium, during December.

The Spanish middleweight champion Ignacio Ara, was brought to England by the London Ring management, along with a fairly good featherweight by the name of Jimmy Elzair, who holds the title at his weight in Spain.

Lauri Baiteri, an Italian middleweight, gave George West, of Fulham, quite a beating in a fifteen round bout held at Manchester. It was all that West could do to stay the distance.

Phil Scott, the English heavyweight champion, is coaching a youngster, by the name of Eddie Steele. The pupil is just 18 years of age. He competed in the recent Crystal Palace heavyweight tournament, reached the semi-final bout, and was just out on a very close point decision. Phil, considers that he has a coming champion in Steele.

Many friends of Johnny Cuthbert that attended the fight in Paris, against Al Brown, were under the impression that he was entitled to the decision. The bout was a close fit and it was a toss up as to which man really won. Brown gave away several pounds in weight, which meant a lot to such a clever fighter as Cuthbert is.

Ted Broadribb, manager and promoter, continues to keep his many boys busy. Ted is a hustler and deserves all that he can get. He has in tow one of the finest stables in Europe, including Jack Hood, welter king, Alf Mancini, Dom Volante, a good featherweight, Harry Corbett, his star featherweight champion, Dick Corbett, Nel Tarlton, a fine bantam and Ernie Jarvis. Some stable.

It is rumored that Broadribb will shortly file a challenge in America for a fight between Hood and Joe Dundee. The New York Boxing Board has informed him to forward a check for $2,500 and matters will be considered.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THREE surprising upsets occurred just before the close of the month and seriously affected the standing of three legitimate and outstanding titular contenders. Johnny Risko was humbled by Jim Maloney at Boston, Ray Miller stopped Jimmy McLarnin in seven rounds and James J. Braddock flattened in the highly touted Tuffy Griffiths in the same distance. The element of surprise and uncertainty was never more evident in the boxing game but those upsets always create additional interest and life in the sport.

Young Stribling, in my opinion, still maintained the leading role in the heavyweight brigade. He knocked out Ray Neuman in six rounds during the month. Previous to the defeat suffered at the hands of Jim Maloney, Johnny Risko gained the verdict over Tut Jackson. George Godfrey, the Man Mountain disposed of Bud Gorman in three sessions. Paulino Uzcudun whipped Otto Von Porat and Otto returned to trounce King Solomon.

Babe Hunt finished Romero Rojas in two periods. Jack Gross knocked out Pietro Corr in there rounds and Jack Humbeck in four.

Arthur De Kuh turned in two notable performables by scoring one round knockouts over Tiny Roebuck and John Widd, of Sweden.

Max Schmelling, German heavyweight star, started off admirably by flattening Joe Monte in eight rounds. Schnelling looks good. Con O'Kelly, another recent invader of the Irish clan, scored impressively over Al Friedman and Jack Gagnon. Friedman turned around and knocked out Tony Youkonis in two rounds.

K. O. Christner stopped George Gemas in two rounds. Emmett Rocco scored over Joe Sekyra. Armand Emanuel defeated Mike Arnold. Homer Smith was knocked out in one round by Frank Simms and suffered a six round knockout later by Angus Snyder. Ernie Schaaf disposed of James J. Lawless in seven rounds.

Tuffy Griffiths, prior to the knockout defeat administered by James J. Braddock, registered knockouts over Joe Anderson in four rounds, Jimmy Mahoney in three rounds and Jackie Williams in the first.

Jimmy Slattery once again took on Vic McLaughlin and stopped him in six rounds. Maxey Rosenbloom won over Tiger Thomas and Cuban Bobby Brown and Brown knocked out Joe Lill in the fourth period.

Tiger Jack Payne won over George La Rocco. Andy Mitchell won over George Hoffman and kayoed Charley Scherer while brother Leo knocked out Al Braddock in three rounds and Amelio Grillo in the first.

Rene De Vos retained the outstanding middleweight position by again proving his mastery over Dave Shade at Chicago. Shade turned back to knock out Bobby Williams in four rounds.

George Courtney, although still a legitimate middleweight, is intent on cleaning up the heavier division. He disposed of Paul Swiderski in eight rounds and stopped Charley Belanger, Canadian light-heavyweight champion, in five sessions. Belanger a week before scored over Harry Dillon at Chicago.

Jack McVey repeated his victory over Lew Scozza. Harry Ebbets whipped Billy Peterson at Detroit, knocked out Wilson Yarbo in Chicago and was credited with winning on a foul over K. O. Phil Kaplan in four rounds at Madison Square Garden but was having the worst of it when the bout ended. Jack Willis triumphed over Joe Anderson.

Jackie Feilds continued his remarkable winning stride by stopping Mike Mayan in two rounds. Young Jack Thompson scored a last minute knockout over Sam Bruce at Buffalo but was given a mighty uncomfortable battle by this youngster who is fighting in the junior-welterweight ranks.

Al Mello, New England welterweight champion, gained the middleweight honors, by trimming Wop Manolian, middleweight titleholder. Gorilla Jones won over Jimmy Finley and Pal Silvers.

Farmer Joe Cooper defeated Mike Mayan and knocked out Johnny Adams in seven rounds.

Vince Dundee won over Izzy Grove who fought a draw with Billy Algers and lost on a foul in there rounds to the same Algers. Billy Light won over Herman Ratzlaff. George Levine outpointed Andy DiVodi. Jack Britton and Canada Lee both whipped Larry Brignolia while Lee in turn was beaten by Billy Murphy.

Tony Vaccarelli trounced Hilario Martinez while the latter won from Tommy Kid Murphy. Bucky Lawless won over Young Saylor. Jack McTiernan stopped Ted Morgan in three rounds and defeated Frankie Grover.

RATINGS ENDING MONTH OF NOVEMBER

The following are my ratings of boxers for the month ending December 1.

Heavyweights	Light Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
1—Young Stribling	Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Joe Dundee	Mushy Callahan
2—George Godfrey	James J. Braddock	Rene De Vos	Jackie Fields	Ruby Goldstein
3—Paulino Uzcudun	Leo Lomski	George Courtney	Young Jack Thompson	Jimmy Goodrich
4—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Al Mello	Jackie Brady
5—Knute Hanson	Jack Delaney	K.O. Phil Kaplan	Gorilla Jones	Sam Bruce
6—Jim Maloney	Tuffy Griffiths	Jack McVey	Tommy Freeman	Freddy Mueller
7—Johnny Risko	Maxey Rosenbloom	Frankie Schoell	Jack Hood	Paul Pirrone
8—Phil Scott	Cuban Bobby Brown	Ace Hudkins	Billy Light	Harry Wallach
9—Tom Heeney	Tiger Jack Payne	Harry Ebbets	Farmer Joe Cooper	Tommy Kid Murphy
10—Otto Von Porat	Pete Latzo	Jack Willis	Sammy Baker	Freddy Fitzgerald

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
1—Sammy Mandell	Tod Morgan	Andre Routis	Bushy Graham	Izzy Schwarz
2—Ray Miller	Honeyboy Finnegan	Benny Bass	Fidel La Barba	Frankie Genaro
3—Joe Glick	Davey Abad	Santiago Zorilla	Al Brown	Johnny Hill
4—Baby Joe Gans	Tony Canzoneri	Joey Sangor	Kid Francis	Steve Rocco
5—King Tut	Cannonball Eddie Martin	Pete Nebo	Kid Chocolate	Newsboy Brown
6—Joe Medill	Al Foreman	Eddie Shea	Joe Scalfaro	Phil Tobias
7—Billy Wallace	Wildcat Carter	Harry Blitman	Teddy Baldock	Willie Davies
8—Billy Petrolle	Mike Dundee	Al Singer	Archie Bell	Emile Pladner
9—Jack Kid Berg	Sammy Dorfman	Bud Taylor	Young Nationalista	Midget Wolgast
10—Manuel Quintero	Eddie Anderson	Rosey Stoy	Kid Pattenden	Ernie Peters

Ruby Goldstein, New York jewel, finally made his return to the ring and knocked out Al Bryant in four rounds. Jimmy Goodrich won over Phil Goldstein. Jackie Brady trimmed Sid Barbarian. Sam Bruce who was stopped by Thompson in the tenth round whipped Bobby Tracey and knocked out Johnny Blair in the first round.

Paul Pirrone, a wonderful Cleveland prospect, knocked out Bobby Green in one round and Sammy White in four. Freddy Fitzgerald was given the award over Babe Ruth but was licked by Johnny Mellow. Roxie Allen won over Harry Wallach and drew with Danny Cooney. Eddie Kid Wagner won over Young Rudy.

Ray Miller, Chicago left hooker, astonished the fistic world through his two round knockout over Lope Tenorio and still further remarkable kayo victory over Jimmy McLarnin. Miller, although a legitimate junior-lightweight, displaces all other lightweight contenders for a crack at Mandell's crown.

Joe Glick defeated Baby Joe Gans at the Garden and is close behind Miller for that titular recognition. King Tut and Tommy Cello were tossed from the ring in the fifth round for indifferent fighting but they returned two weeks later to renew their combat and Tut won the verdict.

Joe Medill gained a victory over Billy Wallace who in turn defeated Jackie Pilkington and Bruce Flowers. Flowers outpointed Nat Kawler. Tommy Grogan flattened Bobby Garcai in two rounds and defeated Bobby Burns.

Manuel Quintero knocked out Frankie Frisco in four heats. Stanislaus Loayza won over Al Winkler and Joey Kaufman humbled Ray Mitchell. Eddie Guida scored over Harry Scott.

Honeyboy Finnegan, Boston southpaw, gained the verdict over Andre Foutis, world's featherweight champion, but the victory did not affect the title in any way. Davey Abad, Panamanian flash, scored decisively over Pete Nebo in Philadelphia while Nebo was previously credited with a technical knockout over Mike Dundee in three rounds due to a badly cut lip.

Cannonball Eddie Martin returned to the wars by whipping Jackie Cohen. Leslie Wildcat Carter disposed of Frankie Stetson in the third round. Sammy Dorfman, who recently returned from Europe, won over Sammy Novia. Eddie Anderson defeated Tommy Murray, Tony Escalente and drew with Augie Pisano and King Tut.

Johnny Dundee drew with Billy Kowalik and whipped Gaston Charles, French gladiator, who came right back to knock out Red Chapman in five rounds at Boston. Leo Kid Roy kayoed Billy Townsend in one round and defeated Vic Foley. Johnny Jadick scored over Steve Smith.

Benny Bass disposed of Dominick Petrone in the first session but Petrone came back to defeat Al Goldberg and drew with Benny Nabers. Al Singer, great little scrapper from New York, knocked out Lew Moscovitz in five round and finished Johnny Lawson in the same period. Johnny Datto knocked out Al De Rose in three rounds. Mike Marcelles in four but was beaten by Andy Martin.

Fidel La Barba knocked out Ray Ravini in eight rounds prior to his departure for Australia. Kid Chocolate proved a very active participant by stopping Jack Swetizer in six rounds, Frisco Grande four rounds, Pinky May six rounds, beating Pinky Silverberg and was held to a draw by Joe Scalfaro but was floored for a nine count. Scalfaro also whipped Milton Cohen and Davey Adelman. Al Brown, colored scrapper, was held to a draw by Johnny Cuthbert in Paris.

Kid Francis won over Young Nationalista. Vic Burrone and Nationalista engaged in a no decision scrap with honors evenly divided. Archie Bell lost on a foul to Billy Shaw at Detroit in eight rounds. Kid Pattenden finished Young Johnny Brown in twelve rounds at the National Sporting Club of London. Tommy Paul flattened Pancho Dencio in one and won over Tommy Ryan.

A LAUGH OR TWO

(*Continued from page* 13)

behind the scenes. This particular "prop" always thought of John L. as a bombastic egotist and did not hide the fact. Indeed, he risked his life this night by voicing his opinion.

"And what is your vocation, my man?" asked the champion.

"I'm a Methodist," flung the other, going about his work.

Sullivan shook his head: "No, no—THAT is your BELIEF. I mean what is your profession—your trade. For example, I am a prize-fighter—the GREATEST PRIZE-FIGHTER IN THE WORLD."

"Oh, no you ain't," answered the scene-shifter, yanking one of the drop-ropes, "THAT IS ONLY YOUR BELIEF."

* * *

"Are you going to take your binoculars to the fight?"

"Naw! It ain't gonna rain, and besides I hate t'wear 'em—they make me feet sweat."

* * *

Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells!
Jingle all the way!
Santa Claus is comin'—
I see Dempsey on his sleigh.

Tex Richard.

Heard and Seen In and Near Chicago

By FRANKIE ("MITT") MASTRO

JIM MULLEN picked Gene Tunney to dethrone Jack Dempsey, called the turn on Rene De Vos when he defeated Dave Shade at Chicago, and now the big promoter without a minute's hesitation, predicts that Joey Medill will be the next lightweight champion.

Mullen to-day is trying to match the local youngster with Joe Glick, the victor to face Ray Miller, and the ultimate winner to meet Sammy Mandell for the latter's 135-pound title.

The Chicago impresario has been high in his praises of the recent conqueror of Billy Wallace ever since that balmy evening here two summers ago when he saw Medill decisvely defeat Tommy Grogan of Omaha.

Comes now Sam Pian, manager of battlers with a newspaper concerning the latest activities of Gaston Charles. Sam is pilot for Earl Mastro. "I just read," said Mr. Pian, "where Gaston Charles knocked out Red Chapman recently at Boston and that the same Frenchman gave Toney Canzoneri quite a fight. Tony received the decision and the boos. Charles got the cheers. That makes Charles quite a fighter. Let's see now Young Mastro stopped Charles in two innings at Mills' stadium only three months ago. Don't you think this youngster is worth a mentioner?" We do, and this is it.

Dave Barry, former Canadian 135-pound monarch and noted referee, has taken over the Mullen gymnasium at 180 West Randolph street. The gymnasium had been closed for a week because its owners failed to meet their obligations.

Barry means to make some improvements, but will retain the professional boxing hours from 2 until 4 o'clock each afternoon. Special attention will be given to the development of amateurs, while boxing lessons will be given by experts.

Jim Mullen has rented a suite of offices at the new Barry gym.

Ernie Peters, local Indian flyweight puncher, is finding it hard to get work in his own territory. During the past month Peters engaged in only one combat here. It seems the crowd-pleasing "midget" hits too hard for the majority of the top-notchers. Ernie had four fights during the time aforementioned and three were away from the old home town. A correction is in order here. Ernie had five bouts during the past thirty days. He fought Luis Carpentero, the Filipino, three times; Willie Davies of Charleroi, Pa., and Young Devcio. Now Ernie is waiting for Devcio and the Pennsylvania 112-pounder to catch up with Carpentero in the number of meetings with him in order to get another fracas.

Sig Hart, veteran manager of fighters, was one of the many to feel the wrath of the Illinois athletic commission at a weekly meeting. Hart was suspended indefinitely and his license was evoked when he left his charge, Kenneth Hunt, on the deck of the ring before the end of the Des Moines light heavyweight's bout opposite a palooka here. Sig must have been disgusted with Hunt's poor showing.

Boxers Armando Santiago and Harry Dublinsky were also banned indefinitely for failure to obtain their licenses 24 hours before the date of contest. Manager Jack Fitzgerald was reinstated after a suspension of thirty days. Harry Van Gelder was granted an announcer's license.

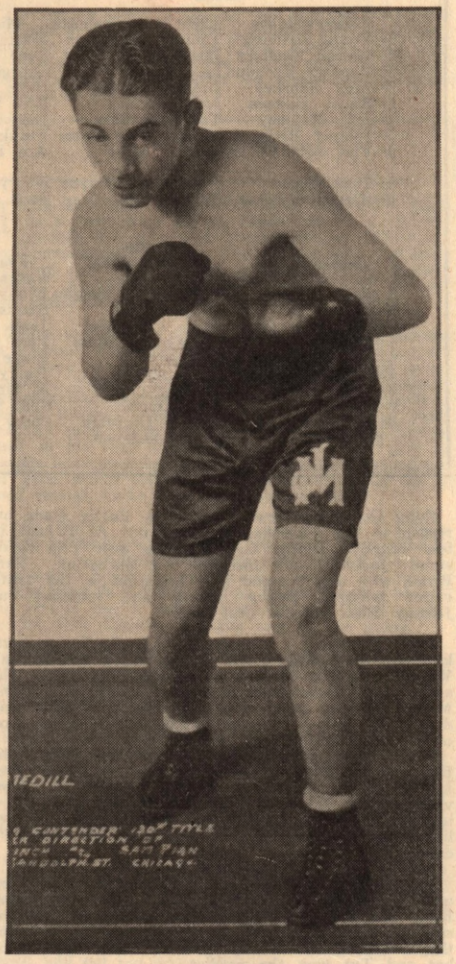
A fight expert here pulled a prize story when he wrote of the Joey-Medill-Billy Wallace result. He said Wallace won all by himself, or something to that effect. Part of that statement is true. This caused a big laugh here for the fistic critic is all by himself with that statement. The other five Chicago daliies all truthfully upheld the decision of the two judges and the referee of this particular scrap. The officials of the Medill-Wallace tilt unanimously voted for Joey.

True lovers of ring warring must have cheered when they read about three doctors decreeing that "Shuffle" Callahan, the Chicago Heights middleweight, is not "slug-nutty" as hinted at various times. The "medicos" further stated that he is mentally competent to trade blows in a business way with other persons engaged in the art of prize fighting. The trio of athletic commission physicians who made the finding didn't even define "slug-nutty" in their written testimony to Mr. Callahan. It was enough for them to say that the "Shuffler" is O.K. physically and mentally.

Ed Smith, prominent sportwriter, in an open letter to Paul Prehn, chairman of the state athletic commission, perfectly described Promoter Mullen's dilemma in two of the paragraphs. "Dear Paul: Now that the promoters can continue to operate in California, what they want to know is whatinell they're going to operate with. Where, O' where, is there a decent card that might reasonably be expected to draw a decent gate?

"I know, Paul, you're not in the matchmaking end of the game, but you're pretty near it, approving the work of others, and I'll wager you yourself can't sit down with a pencil and tab and pick out a dozen bouts in all the classes WITH FAIR EXPECTATION OF SEEING THEM GO THROUGH! Nope, it can't be done—good fighters seldom wish for GOOD fights—that is, good from a public viewpoint. And there's no money in handling the other kind, so what's a matchmaker to do? And unless he's got a man like Jack Doyle, with all his oil wells, behind him, he's in a fix for sure.

"Yours for better fighters and gabless managers.
"Ed W. SMITH."



Joey Medill who beat Billy Wallace and ranks high as a lightweight

Emilio ("King") Solomon, Panamanian heavyweight, surprised the smart ones when he stayed the limit of ten rounds with Otto Von Porat at the Hippodrome. The wagering on the scrap was negligible as few of the local boxing followers conceded Solomon a chance to last two rounds against the vicious hitting Norwegian. However, the sturdy Panamanian, although he took a severe beating, was still trying at the final bell.

Johnny Burns, west coast middleweight youngster, is making good in Chicago rings under the direction of Tommy Walsh. In three appearances, Johnny held Haakon Hansen to two draws and defeated Senegales Zappo, the Parisian puncher who knocked out "One round" Hogan in his debut here.

Les Marriner, promising west side heavyweight, who has been on the shelf for several weeks, is ready for action once more. Marricaner broke his right hand in a torrid ten-rounder opposite George Gemas of Philadelphia at Peoria, Ill. In that battle, although suffering excrutiating pain, Les floored the tough Philadelphia thirteen times.

Eddie Anderson, veteran lightweight of this vicinity is creating no end of comment by fistic fans along the rialto of this locality by his erratic showings in the roped square. He defeated Joe Glick, the foremost eastern 135-pounder, at Omaha right after losing to Tommy Grogan at the same place. Eddie followed the Glick victory with a draw against King Tut, leading lightweight in the northwest.

Of all the upsets on that Friday night last November, the one that stunned Chicago fans most was the knockout of Jimmy McLarnin by Ray Miller, Roosevelt road 132-pound walloper. Although on the same night local boxing followers predicted an easy win for "Tuffy" Griffiths of the west side over James J. Braddock, only to have the latter nail Griffiths for a two round K. O., Miller's feat caused a greater upheaval here. According to reports from Detroi Ray decisively laced McLarnin for seven rounds, having Jimmy on the verge of a kayo several times. McLarnin's seconds, realizing that further assault might knock him senseless if sent out to weather the eighth frame, tossed a towel into the ring. On the other hand, Griffiths, who was a 4 1-2 to 1 favorite in the wagering, won the first round of the Braddock meeting and was boxing evenly for the first half minute of the second stanza when the Jersey light heavyweight beat "Tuffy" to the punch with a right hand that catapulted the local boy to the canvas. Miller, who was on the short end of 5 to 1 in the betting for the McLarnin battle, wasn't figured to have a chance against Jimmy. He won as he pleased. Griffiths outpointed Braddock until James J. landed that lucky right-hand counter punch.

Henry Lenard, the South Chicago featherweight, and Young Dencio, Filipino flyweight, are the stars of Leo Fonicari's stable of boxers. The former claims a decisive win from Joey Sangor of Milwaukee. However, his most impressive victory was from Andre Routis, the Frenchman who defeated Tony Canzoneri to win the 126-pound title, at the Coliseum some months ago. He is now after a championship match with the aggressive little fighter from the land of the fleur de lys. Dencio is a natural 112-pounder, who hits hard with his left hand.

A recent statement by Jack Dempsey in one of the local newspapers greatly interested some of the amateur boxers here. The former heavyweight boss advised local youngsters, who hope to get to the top without meeting the misfortune that comes from overconfidence, carelessness or underesimating any sort of opponent:

"Never regard a man as soft until he is on the floor in front of you and the referee has yelled out 'ten'."

Veterans of the boxing game predict big things for such promising simon-pure glove-wielders as Leonard Formati, 118 pounds; Dick Mastro, 110 pounds; Barney Ross, 126; Herbie Derex, 126; Clarence Brown, 135, and Harold Dunnington, 112 pounds.

Mike Kamis, Greek youngster of this locality, who has been going good as an amateur, will turn professional soon. He is under the management of Sam Pian. Kamis battles as a lightweight and will be ready for the pro ranks this month.

Joey Thomas, the "string bean" 130-pounder piloted by South Chicago Jack O'Keefe, is in California. Thomas discovered that local featherweights and junior lightweights weren't anxious about trading blows with him and is seeking work in Pacific slope rings.

Jack Kearns, who pilots Mickey Walker, middleweight champ, passed through Chicago on his way to Los Angeles from New York. Kearns has taken under his wing, Eddie ("Cannonball") Martin, ex-bantamweight title-holder, who is now battling as a featherweight. Jack expects to get plenty of work for Martin in California.

Chicago, lacking in good local ring material for several years, appears to be coming into its own, and, if development continues as it is now progressing, this city will be well represented in the various classes. We have Joey Medill, Earl Mastro and Solly Schuman as well as Les Marriner, Otto Von Porat, "Tuffy" Griffiths, Henry Lenard, George Kerwin and Danny Delmont.

Don Davis, veteran 135-pounder of this section, is back in action after nine months of rest. He has placed himself under the management of Barney Abel. The latter also guides the ring destinies of Cecil ("Seal") Harris, heavyweight, and "K. O." White, middleweight, both colored. Harris is after a match with Otto Von Porat. He arrived from Europe where he ran out of foes after stopping Helmuth Siewert and Louie Brunnel at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia. White is eager to box "Tuffy" Griffiths again after giving the latter a good battle at Davenport, Iowa, for ten innings. Previous to meeting White, "Tuffy" bowled over Mike McTigue, Tony Marullo and Del Fontaine.

Jackie Stewart, Louisville 118-pounder, is going good since his knockout at the hands of Earl Mastro. He outpointed Don Allison, Kewanee, Ill., star, in a ten-round topliner at Peru. Allison licked Pal Moore before toeing the mark against Stewart.

Ad Thacher, Toledo promoter, is back in the limelight after a dull season. In his first major attraction in some time, Nov. 24, Ad staged a triple windup. He dug up the Cleveland trial horse, Carl Tremaine, for one of his features and the veteran was credited with a victory from Phil O'Dowd of Columbus, O.

Alderman Dorsey Crowe's avowal that he will try to control amateur boxing matches in this city through the Chicago athletic commission, may be the forerunner of an expose that will reveal just how simon pure some of these matches are not.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
BY HARRY DOLLFUS

JOE LILL, of Phiadelphia, heavyweight, is the daddy of a nine pound baby boy.

Joe Reno, of Trenton, gave Roxie Allen, Camden, a snellacing in eight rounds at the Convention Hall in Camden and then jumped over to Philly to punch Mickey Martell around for the same number of rounds.

Jesse Goss, of Trenton and Al Gordon, of Philly fought an eight round draw at Camden and in the semi Yg. Terry, Trenton, defeated Harry Kid Decker of Phila.

Jack Gross, Salem Heavy, lost a ten round decision to Tommy Loughran in Philadelphia.

Tommy Liberto, of York, beat Young Firpo, of Pennsgrove and then shot over a knockout in their bout at the Cambria Club, in Philadelphia.

Roxie Allen, of Camden has placed himself under the management of Bob Levy, of New York.

Red Grange, of Vineland, made a big hit with the fans in his fight with Billy Angelo, in Toledo.

Leon Lucas, Camden Lightheavy, has scored knockouts in his three pro encounters against Mushy Brown, Kid Boots and Sol Tobakin.

Al Trainor, Camden welterweight, has resumed ring endeavors under the management of Jimmy Briggs. Trainor has won his last five starts.

Lew Seltzer, Vineland, made a great showing in his bout with Buddy Burke. He is a good middleweight prospect.

Bobby Wolgast, the great little fighter of former years who in his time fought three World's Champions, scored a triumph by a knockout over Jimmy Burns, of Philadelphia, in his comeback debut.

Eddie Chaney, the Whitman Park lightweight, who looked to be the best boxer Camden ever produced, has retired from the boxing game. Chaney was a victim of inexperienced handling.

Tom Waldron, Trenton referee, pleased the Camden fans in the way he conducted the bouts at Convention Hall.

Mickey Blair, the pleasing little fighter of Camden who enjoys great popularity here has been idle since scoring a victory over Hubert Gillis, the Belgian, in eight torrid rounds in Camden.

Bobby Michaels, the red-headed Lightweight from Philly, scored a three round kayo over Jeff Ferguson, of Hackensack.

The reopening of the So. Jersey A. A. with Al Nash as matchmaker, sent Willie Walker, the ebony-hued battler from New York to the land of Nod from a terriffic right cross from the fist of Matt Adgie, Philly ice man in the third. Gene Moretti of Atlantic City beat Red Grange, Vineland, on points. Frankie Mack grabbed the duke over Billy Logan, both Camdenites, Nick Nichols stopped Jimmy Hayes, Vineland Negro, in six, and Jack Thomas kayoed yebby Chandro in thirty seconds of the first round.

Willie Edwards, of Philadelphia and Clonie Tait have opened offices in New York and are managing a string of fighters including, Pete Nebo, Geo. Siddons, featherweights, Paulie Walker, Welter, Al Conway, Welter, Morris Ruben, Middle and Chic Neiderman, Fly. Address 415 Gaiety Theatre Bldg.

Matt Aggie laid Bob Mitchell low in four rounds at Harrisburg, Pa. Then defeated Ray Neuman in rounds at Atlantic City.

Sammy Dorfman won over Sammy Novia in eight rounds, Frankie Hayes and Gene Moretti, drew and Papers Jimmy Kelly defeated Harry Lebo at the Northside A. C. Atlantic City.

Scotty MacDonald, Fightin' Featherweight, won two fights in a week, defeating Tony Loftus in eight rounds at Norristown and then traveling to Centreville, Maryland, where he defeated Joey Caniano in eight.

Lew Chasen, of Vineland, the big Hot-dog, soda water and constable, is going to open a boxing club in his city during this season.

Jack West of Atlantic City has left on a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Karl Kadix of Germany is under the management of Harry Dollfus. Kadix has been in this Country five months and has knocked out nine of his last eleven opponents, Kadix is a good heavyweight.

Gene Buffalo, a protege of Dick Kain and Eddie Edwards, is a negro middleweight and one of the hardest punchers in that class. He stopped Vince Guidici in one round at the Cambria Club. He also put the skids under the tough Mike Keysock.

Johnny Meehan has the best record of any of the welters hereabouts. He has defeated such well known performers as Frankie Nelson, Reds Rousch, Al Trainor, Ray Maxwell, Geo. Tully, K.O. Lockoff, Billy Cree, Tommy Beregert, Georgie Baban, Soldier Smack, Carmen Spagnolia, Frank Little, Al Leary, and others. This boy should be fighting for the Championship in another year. Bill Schwartz, the rotund Dutchman is representing Meehan.

Jack Hennessey has two corking battlers under his wing, Johnny Hayes, lightweight, and his younger brother, Frankie, welter.

Sam Hahn has again forsaken the ticker and the click of the telegraph key for the lure of the resined pit. He has undertaken the management of his former protege, Dave Adelman.

Jackie Hindle, former Camden leather hurler, is now protecting the city of Camden in the uniform of "one of the finest."

Nick Nichols defeated Joey Hadfield in eight rounds at Elam, Pa.

Camden has a corking Southpaw entry in Frankie Rapp, who gave the veteran, Benny Valger, plenty of trouble in eight rounds at Wilmington and followed up this victory by kayoeing Al Holtzman at Atlantic City.

The writer wishes to hear from boxers of all weights who wish to appear in this vicinity and up-state Penna. He is going to open two clubs and will assure the fighters plenty of work. Address: Harry Dolfuss, 1314 N. Hutchinson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Al Rowe, is still too much of a streak for any of the boys he has been pitted against. Harry Kilburn bit the dust in five rounds and Calvin Reed lost to Rowe in eight rounds.

Young Firpo, of Pennsgrove, got a good boxing lesson from Joey Blake, of Conshohocken in eight rounds at Elam, Pa.

Lew McFarland, Camden sportsman, is going to promote a club in South Jersey. Boxers wishing to be represented and managers seeking matches are invited to communicate with McFarland at 610 Spruce St., Camden, N. J.

Johnny Meehan, welterweight, defeated Red Orange of Vineland at Atlantic City in 8 rounds.

Mickey Blair, Camden, lightweight, won in 6 rounds over Ernie Saesar at Phila. Arena.

Roxie Allen, Camden wizard lightweight, made his bow in New York when he won over K.O. Harry Wallach in ten fast rounds.

Young Freddy Welsh, Atlantic City lightweight, has sailed for Australia.

Vincent Forgrone won over Sammy Weise of Easton in 8 rounds at Northside, Atlantic City.

Jack West wants to hear from fighters all weights that would like to make a trip to the Pacific Coast. Write to Harry Dollfus, 1314 N. Hutchinson St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Jack Gross, flattened Pedro Corri in 3 rounds at South Jersey A. C. Joe Bashara was the winner over Tony Gilda of Camden in eight rounds. Eddie Wallace defeated Billy Marino 6 rounds. Georgie Jackson won over Joe Coulon in 6 rounds.

Al Trainer of Camden Fought a draw with Buddy Sanders at Broadway club.

Danny Tooney, Camden's little featherweight, who has been on the side lines for over 4 months, is now ready.

Billy Marino, Camden's middleweight, looks like a very good fighter. He recently beat Johnny Peppie.

Harry Gibson, boxing promoter of Milville, is running weekly shows in Millville.

Eddie Kenneth lost to Joe Brody in a slugging match.

Jack Powlus, the slugging 135 pounder, made a big hit with the Norristown fans in his debut there.

Scotty MacDonald, has the old kilties dusted off and is playing "The Men of Harlech" on the bagpipe.

Vince Guidici, Philly middleweight, who is a stone cutter by trade, seems to carry some of his stock into the ring with him as the four bouts since turning pro have been kayo contests. His latests victim was Kid Rosse.

Joey Reynolds, of Atlantic City, made a good impression in fighting ten hard rounds to a draw against Joe Sheman in the Newark, N. J. armory.

TRENTON FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

TOMMY (KID) MURPHY, Trenton's contender for titular honors, was the victim of two poor decisions in the past month. Both of these bouts were with Hilario Martinez, of Spain, at the Arena in Philadelphia and both should have been won by Murphy. In one, Martinez claimed a foul on a terrific mid-section punch, and in the other, Murphy won hands down, but didn't get the verdict.

Young Flynn, of Riverton, dubbed the Blond Tiger, is in town looking for bouts.

Tommy Mahan, of Trenton, lost a ten-round decision to Al Freeman, of Boston, in Philadelphia.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middleweight, won the decision over Ray Still, of Arizona, in ten rounds at the Arena in Trenton.

Willie Beetle, of Trenton, beat Joe Spearing, of Camden, in the semi of eight rounds.

Joe Reno, of Trenton, beat Patsy Barbera, of Brooklyn, at the Waltz Dream in Atlantic City.

Al Madison, of Camden, and Eddie Ketchell, of White Horse, boxed a six-round draw.

After being on the losing end for six rounds, Charlie Carter let go a left hook that landed on the point of Joe Sharkey's chin, thus scoring a knock-out.

Johnny Brennan and Pinky May fought a hard ten-round bout. The referee called it a draw, but the fans thought Brennan was entitled to the decision and sure did boo the referee.

In an article by Francis Albertanti, in the last issue of The Ring, he states that Roxey Allen, of Camden, now being managed by Izzy the Painter, knocked out Tommy (Kid) Murphy in three rounds. That is not so. Murphy and Allen boxed three times. Murphy winning two by newspaper decisions, and one by referee's decision. All of these bouts were in Camden. In behalf of Murphy, I hope Mr. Albertanti will correct that statement.

(Thanks. I stand corrected.—F. A.)

Young Terry, of Trenton, won the decision over Sammy Muffo, of Bristol, in a eight-round bout.

Ray Still, of Arizona, beat Babe McCorgory, of New York, in the wind-up of ten rounds.

Kid Boots, of Riverside, knocked out Ted Lewis, of Roebling, in two rounds.

Bobby Brown, of Philadelphia, won the decision over Tiger Payne, of Australia, in a ten-round bout.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy was the winner over Johnny Harris, of Kansas City, when the referee stopped the bout in the third round at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City.

Paulie Walker, of Trenton, lost the decision to Joey La Grey, of Perth Amboy, at St. Nicks in New York.

Willie Edwards has a busy string of fighters that are all good crowd pleasers. Geo. Siddons, Al Conway, Bucky Carlo, Joe Dentz and Chick Neiderman.

Joe Roberts, of Trenton, and Young Heppard, of Burlington, boxed a hard eight-round bout to a draw. Sailor Fisher, the only man that holds a K. O. over Plow-boy Clark, is back in training after a two-year lay-off. Dunk Russo is taking care of him.

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News From the State of California

By THERON FISK

THE world knows now that the so-called reformers who tried to kill our Boxing law, at the recent election, learned at least the sensation that accompanies a knockout—they took it on the chin and I don't mean maybe.

The final count showed that Boxing in California gained nearly 300,000 new friends since 1924 when our present law was indorsed by the voters of the state.

Much of the credit for the continuance of Boxing is given the war veterans who took the leading part in the campaign against the repeal measure.

The members of the State Boxing Commission, chairman Charles Traung of San Francisco, James Woods of Los Angeles and William Hanlon of Sacramento were also given due credit for the defeat of the proposition, although as state officials they were powerless to make any active campaign against the movement, their connection with the Sport proved an invaluable asset.

The sport is very grateful to Rev. Leslie C. Kelley of San Francisco who did more than any one man to keep the game regulated in our fair state.

So grateful and pleased by the avalanche of votes that buried the hypocritical reformers, the boxing clan pledged themselves, as thanks, for the public's vote of confidence, to bigger and better shows at all times. And asked for some material way in which to show their appreciation.

And they got their chance—it leaked out that there was a $9,000 mortgage on Rev. Kelley's church and as we go to press San Francisco boxing men are in the midst of plans for a gigantic benefit show for the church—to blot the red ink off its books.

Rev. Kelley's church has become the boxers' church. He's a regular fellow, a regular preacher and a believer in sports and sportsmanship. Two of San Francisco's leading boxers pass the collection plate regularly at the Sunday services. And nobody would have known there was a mortgage on the church had not one of the boxers accidently discovered it.

It is now freely predicted that California will again step to the fore as a National Boxing center. The Olympic of Los Angeles and the new Dreamland of San Francisco, leading clubs of our little community have made tentative plans to give ring followers some really big bouts which will center widespread interest on California throughout the winter season.

Managers of the smaller clubs have announced a bigger and better policy to govern their weekly shows.

"Dempsey to fight again," says big blazing headline. Lured by $500,000 guarantee! Well, maybe. Jack is far from broke.

The old champion is home again and will be around for several weeks. He is no longer interested in the hotel business but has developed a weakness for the ponies. He may be on the go most of the time between Los Angeles and Tia Juana.

Shortly after the holidays Jack will go to Miami, Florida, and after a conference with Tex Rickard, Dempsey's 1929 fighting plans, if any, will be announced.

Oddly enough, two of Dempsey's old friends, Wild Bill Senator Lyons and Jim Dougherty, the Baron of Leiperville, were in Los Angeles when Jack checked in.

The good Baron and Senator are not on Jack's calling list any more and had nothing to say regarding the former champion's comeback.

The Baron's trip caused him the humiliation of seeing his middleweight star, Joe Anderson, get licked by Tim McGrath's cowboy battler, Jack Willis at the Olympic.

Just a few weeks previous Anderson had scored the greatest victory of his career in the same ring—a win over Ace Hudkins.

Armand Emanuel is a full fledged heavyweight. The San Francisco barrister boxer weighed in at 188 for Mike Arnold, whom he defeated easily at the Olympic. Emanuel showed the same old speed but still lacks that characteristic expected of a heavyweight—the old sock.

Emanuel has engaged Denver Ed Martin, negro heavyweight as his instructor and trainer and don't be surprised to see Dempsey and Emanuel back together. They broke off in New York several months ago because Pa Emanuel wanted to keep an interest in his fighting son. Jack still wants the kid. His interest in Emanuel has never waned. He advised against the Mickey Walker match which proved so disastrous.

Interest in to California ring fans in particular is the information that Jimmy McLarnin has developed into a junior welterweight and may soon be a 147 pounder. They vision the Irish Wizzard as a future opponent for Jackie Fields.

Field's welterweight record is a thing of beauty but there is one outstanding black mark on Jackie's record—it was placed there by Jimmy McLarnin's fists which rocked Fields to sleep when the kids were both featherweights.

Whether or not Fields lands a title go with Joe Dundee, the biggest shot looming in California is a return match between McLarnin and Fields.

Tom Kennedy is taking his boxing seriously now-a-days. Big Tom has fitted himself up with a swell office in Los Angeles with private telephone and everything.

Big Tom's first break came when he picked up one of these fistic vagabonds—one of those fellows

Fidel La Barba, who is now a contender for bantamweight title. He is now in Australia

who is here today and there tomorrow but just never seem to click.

Hope springs eternal—that's why the case of Kennedy and Homer Sheridan is worth mention.

Sheridan blew into Los Angeles unannounced and went to work at a gymnasium—a rather deliberate, sluggish sort of fellow who failed to knock the railbirds off their roost—all except Big Tom.

After much plugging Kennedy got Sheridan a spot on a Hollywood card against Iron Mike Hector, considered pretty good. Sheridan stopped Iron Mike and moved into a mindup against Roy Moore, Australian triple champion, he beat Moore and Big Tom modestly says he'll beat 'em all.

Another case is that of Matt Calo dropped in unexpectedly on San Francisco several months ago. Calo needed biscuit money badly. He boxed often and won regularly around the Bay district but the breaks just seemed to pass him by. At last he hit the old trail again and landed in Los Angeles. At Hollywood Tom Gallery signed him for a semi-windup.

Things were looking brighter for Calo, here he had another fight coming up before he was broke.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good and at the eleventh hour Matt Calo found himself being switched from a preliminary to the main event for no reason other than a substitute was needed, and his weight fitted the emergency.

The break proved Calo's worth. He outscored Joe Guerrero, one of the toughest lightweights in these parts, in a fight that had the customers on their feet.

Guess who is back in Los Angeles? None other than Fred Windy Winsor and he has another heavyweight—"the next champion of the world," too. Picked him up somewhere in the great open spaces of Wyoming.

Phil Floto is working out again—under new management. Wonder what Phil will have to say when Windy's high tension ballyhoo opens up on the new Blizzard.

Young Corbett is back from New York. He was on the shelf a while with the flu. The southpaw socker remains quite a card in San Francisco and plenty of work lies ahead of him.

Baby Joe Gans is also home from New York. Gans had quite a successful trip loosing only two fights, his first and last, in about 10 bouts.

Pete Myers chalked up a couple of wins at San Francisco, a K.O. over Johnny Priston and a decision over Young Harry Wills.

Fidel LaBarba retired flyweight champion is on the high seas bound for Australia for work he couldn't get at home. Matches with Bushey Graham and Bud Taylor failed to materialized.

LaBarba, now a bantamweight contender, plans on being away about four months—counting nearly two months at sea coming and going. His contract calls for three bouts.

Jack Doyle is digging deep. He dropped 15 grand on the Jackie Fields-Sammy Baker shindy. But Doyle is a sportsman and has the money to make good every bill. A few oil wells come in handy when one promotes boxing shows.

Looks as if Jack Kearns were doing his Christmas shopping early. His latest acquisition is Andy Mitchell, right from these parts, a likely looking young heavyweight prospect with a pleasing style and good punch.

Kearns is also said to have acquired Long Tom Hawkins who recently jumped back into top rating by stopping Neil Clisby at San Diego. Jack once had George Godfrey but turned him over to his friend Jim Dougherty. What he hopes to do with Hawkins who is also a negro I must admit I don't know.

Eddie Cannonball Martin, former bantamweight champion is reported headed for California, wearing the Kearns colors.

Perfumery Jack now seems in a mood to flirt with local promoters in an effort to match Walker and Hudkins for the middleweight title.

After Walker had stopped Emanuel in San Francisco he and Kearns were very high-hatty toward California promoters. They saw a golden rainbow ahead of them in New York and went there only to find that New York wasn't bidding any too extravagantly for a Walker-Loughran match. The fact that Hudkins had been outgalloped since the Chicago affair may have something to do with this change of heart on the part of Kearns.

Young Farrell, a veteran of the old four-round days, is operating a service station on one of California's boulevards. Farrell fought 480 battles and at one time was hailed as a near champion in the bantamweight class.

Mushy Callahan, junior welterweight champion, who was handed an indefinite suspension by the Illinois Boxing Commission, is said by friends at home to be thinking seriously of retiring from the ring. Mushy hasn't been his real self now for over a year.

At no time since boxing was legalized, four years ago, has there been such a scarcity of talent among the local lads—matchmakers are frantic—what our little community needs is another Jimmy McLarnin and Ace Hudkins, those were the days we can't forget.

California wants boxing—the voters said so by a substantial majority—under the present Commission it is in clean hands and will flourish with the proper talent.

Your humble correspondent invites inquiries from young boxers regarding possible bouts in California. Address 5007 1-4 San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

IN COLORADO

By HARRY H. FOGEL

AT the Stock Yards' Stadium, Eddie Mack, Rocky Mountain lightweight champion, won in ten rounds over Mickey Cohen, also of Denver. In the semi-wind-up, Walter Kid Lee, of Denver, won in six rounds from Rusty Evans, York, Nebraska.

At the Elks' Punch Bowl, Howard Ball, of Pocatello, Idaho, won a ten-round decision from Winks Jenkins, of Denver. In the semi-wind-up, Geo. Hart, of Denver, knocked out Billy Malone in the third round.

BOXING IN CUBA

BY MILTON BARON

(Havana—Special Correspondence)

LOUIS "PINCHO" GUTIERREZ, managing Kid Chocolate, is making a big hit with the New York fans, as he is carefully leading his star bantam towards the championship. Pincho also manages Black Bill, three time winner over Izzy Schwartz, the present champion. Mr. Gutierrez is a popular hombre in Cuba, as he has helped considerably to put this country on the pugilistic map.

Kid Chocolate, whose real name is Eligio Sardinas, has not lost a fight since he started the game, and judging from reports and boxing experts, the Little Chocolate Kid is in a class by himself. If given a chance, the little Cuban speed marvel will yet bring back to Cuba a world's championship.

The game in Cuba at present is improving right along. Camaguey is a good fight town, and weekly shows there produce from four to five thousand dollar gates. Caibarien is also pulling 'em in, and reports show up very favorably for the promoters. Havana has been providing the fans with weekly shows at the Colon Arena at a price of one, two and three, and the promoters have been pulling through pretty good.

Jose Couce, promoter, is negotiating with some Spanish boxers, who will arrive here shortly, and his plans are to import American opponents.

Aniceto Gomez, one of Cuba's new promoters is expected to pull over some real big bouts, importing from Spain boxers of every division, and there is no doubt Gomez will be successful as the Spanish boys here fill any stadium when matched with an American or Cuban opponent.

Joe Arguelles, Cuba's unbeaten sensational bantamweight, is training hard for his next bout with Mario Kid Sanchez. Sanchez is a hard hitter, having scored nineteen knockouts out of twenty-five battles. Arguelles is one of Cuba's best prospects, and under the careful guidance of his manager, should reach the top. Arguelles has a pleasing style. He never fails to give the fans a run for their money. He improves in every start, and looked mighty good in his last two fights, scoring a knockout over Kid Salgado and decisively whipping Jose Rodriguez in a furious ten rounder.

Pablo Canales, featherweight champion, has out grown the division. He will have to fight now as a lightweight. In his last battle, when he outpointed Antonio Herrera, Canales weighed 134 pounds. Canales is a pleasing performer.

Antonio Herrera, although losing the decision, gained heaps of admirers for his unceasing aggressiveness and stiff punch. Herrera is now in Guatemala.

Justo Vidal, in the semi-final eight, let loose a volley of rights and lefts from the start, and won the judges decision over Raul Lascano Cuban welter. Vidal, known here as the "Catalan," coming from Catalunya, Spain, is of the Paulino type, and has a string of followers.

Jimmy Kelly, lost a close four rounder to Kid Villalegre in the opening number. Kelly scored a knockdown, and put up a whale of a fight. Saturnino Tiberio defeated Fifirifi in a six, while Olayo Nebot bested Young Pulido in a four.

Santiago Esperaguera, ex-lightheavyweight champion, scored a nine round technical knockout over Rogelio Mestre the Cuban giant heavyweight whose seconds threw in the sponge.

In the semi-final, Federico Malibran, kayoed Pedro Lorenzo in two rounds.

Kid Salgado, made a good start in his comeback, when he knocked out Armando Vidal. In the third round, Vidal was so exhausted from Salgados hard attack, he refused to come out for the fourth.

In the prelims, Kid Duran lost a mighty close decision over Boy Lopez in four rounds. Duran doesn't train hard enough. He never has enough wind.

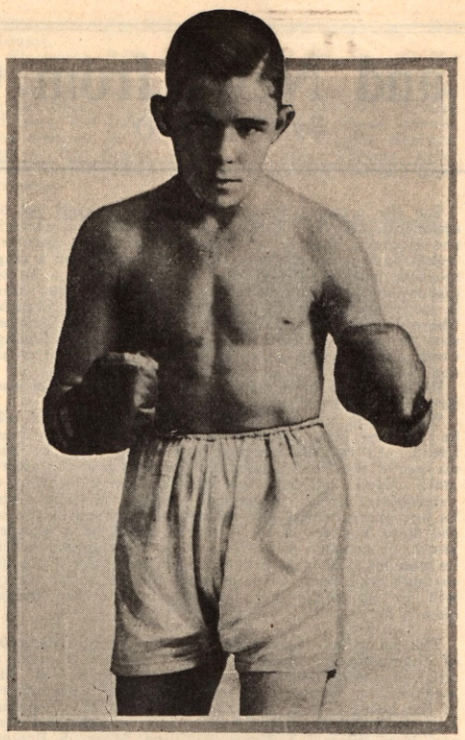
Ben Ponteau scored a two round knockout over Sailor Sanchez. A left to the jaw floored the sailor for keeps.

Santiago Esperaguerra, added another victim to his knockout list, when he put away Federico Malibran in two heaps. A mighty hard cross to the chin put Malibran on the canvas for the tenth count.

Justo Vidal, Spanish welter, defeated Urbano Solera in eight rounds. Solera looked good in spots, but Vidal's consistent body attack was too much for Solera, and just about had him out at the end of the battle.

Olayo Nabot, defeated Antonio Maseneira in four rounds, which was quite a hot fight. Both boys are featherweights.

Mario Jardines, fistically known as Benny Leonard, won over Tomas Barredo in four rounds. These flyweights have fought about five times, and both have won and lost. They never fail to put up a good scrap.



Jose Arguelles, one of Cuba's best fighters

Saturnino Tiberio, Spanish lightweight, won a three round knockout over Kid Alvarez when the referee stopped hostilities in the third round.

Juan Copero, according to latest reports, will soon be bound for South America with his manager Mr. Pepe Conte, sports writer for the "Excelsior." Capero is a corking lightweight, and possesses a knockout punch. Good luck boys.

Mr. Ninerola, boxing magnate, arrived in town recently, and after a careful study, selected five local boys and took them to Guatemala. They are: Antonio Herrera, Alcibiades Ortega, Amador Carballido, Nicasio Varela, and Sammy Murray. We hope they make good.

Alcibiades Ortega, welterweight, is an outstanding figure in his division. Ortega has a string of victories any boy would be proud to own. Ortega is a pleasing fighter, and should make a big hit at Guatemala.

Fello Rodriguez, ex-welter and middle champ, is teaching the boys boxing. Nicholas Perez Stable, Jr., and a few others are Fello's pupils. He can be seen daily at the Iberia Club, where some mighty interesting workouts take place.

Enrique Quintana, is another of the Cuban boys with a fine record. Quintana if properly guided should go very far in the boxing world. He is a two fisted battler, and a very pleasing ringster.

Pablo Blanco, featherweight, will soon arrive in New York, and should make a hit. He is of the "Pancho Villa" type and a pleasing fighter.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY J. A. ADEA

THE boxing game in Manila these last months was tame. Except for some highly advertised so-called championship contests held now and then, the weekly shows have been mediocre. What the game here needs is new blood, and unless the Stadium imports fighters from other countries, the boxing game here, to use slang, will go to the dogs.

Fighters of ordinary ability like Young Gildo, Bee Basco, Kid Gabo, Joe Mendiola and Joe Suzara are given main event assignments. On the other hand, Ceferino Garcia, Battling Nelson and others who are more deserving, are given tough breaks.

This month several good fighters bid Manila goodbye to seek better fortunes in other countries. Joe Hall, after a series of fights, left for Shanghai. So did Pedro Campo and Young Harry Wills. Gavino de Leon will sail shortly to Australia while Kid Johnson has been signed for five contests in the same country.

For the New Year the outlook does not appear healthy. With the absence of Kid Johnson, who is the only and real crowd drawer, boxing in Manila is due to a standstill. There is a plan to have Young Fernandez, Speedy Dado, Johnny Hill and Young Nacionalista come back here. That's a good idea. But the question is, will they? They are getting good purses abroad.

Joe Mendiola in his first main-event contest beat Kid Gabo while Young Gildo decisively outpointed Bee Basco in the next week card.

Pablo Dano and Little Moro were rematched and fought to a good draw. Two weeks later, Joe Suzara, who is considered a has-been, was paired with Little Moro for lack of suitable opponents. Moro hit little Joe with everything but the ring posts.

FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK

BY HOWARD C. HOSMER

OSK TILL of Buffalo, who was the laughing stock of Syracuse fistic fans several years ago, came home from the Bison City to trouble the current ring idol of Saltine burg, Bobby Williams, by a technical knockout in nine rounds at the Syracuse Arena A. C.

Joe Gainor, Syracuse middle, whipped Tubby Noble of Wilkes-Barre, in monotonous fashion in the six-round semi-final.

Jackie Brady of Syracuse administered an artistic lacing to the ancient, sleek-fleshed Sid Barbarian in ten rounds in another main go. Brady won every round of the ten frame setto with plenty to spare.

Mike Marcells of Rochester outpointed K.O. Sweeney of Utica in the six-round semi-final. Baby Adams of Syracuse won in two rounds by a technical k.o. Marty Griffith of Syracuse.

Freddie Dawson of Johnstown won a decision over Tony Petta, Syracuse featherweight, in six rounds.

Frankie Koagel, former star flyweight won from Louis Atta by a technical k.o. in two rounds.

DE FORREST OPENS SCHOOL

Jimmy De Forrest, one of the best instructors in the country, has started a school of boxing instruction, and will personally supervise the work of pupils. Boys who really want to master the fine point of scientific boxing should get into touch with him at the old Manhattan Opera House, West 44th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City.

HYPNOTISM

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Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

YEARS of dreaming and planning, dallying with the seemingly impossible, saw their successful realization here on Saturday night, November 17, with the official opening of the new Boston Garden, the Hubs present and future home for big league sport. To the thousands who attended, the new building was a complete revelation—a triumph of architectural skill combined with business and sport acme of the highest order—a distinctive innovation such as provoked spontaneous praise from all.

Seating 17,700 at boxing and wrestling bouts, 14,500 for hockey games and about 12,500, the business men of New York and Boston back of this enterprise have provided this city and New England with the most magnificent palace for sport in this country—a structure, which, to us of Boston, shades both Madison Square Garden and its sister building in Detroit.

As the new home in this city for greater and better boxing, under conditions so ideal, the opening of the new Garden finds some of us older chaps still in a maze. To those who, in the older days, saw fights in woods, barns, brick yards and lofts, rings chalked on floors or formed by the knees of spectators, with sentries posted all the while to guard against police surprise and arrests, the full realization of it all has yet to be digested. Seemingly, a modern Aladdin and his wonderful lamp have busted in on a game which began for me with bare fists in knee pants boyhood. That thousands of men and women, many of them in evening dress, as I saw them on the night of the Garden opening, can sit comfortably, quietly and, I might add both joyously and happily, and enjoy boxing, marks a tremendous jump here in the Hub from the days of long ago.

The feature ring event of the opening night, a card sponsored by the Crosscup-Pishon Post of the American Legion, its annual carnival, brought together Andre Routis, of France, holder of the feather title, recently won from Tony Canzoneri, and Dick 'Honeyboy" Finnegan, of Boston, a 10-rounder. It was extremely lucky for the new champion that the weight was 130 pounds at 3 o'clock, fight day, for Finnegan won all the way 10 rounds out of 10. True to form, Routis was the aggressor practically all the way, and in the scoring of boxing points, aggressiveness counts. ut in this particular case the French boy's tear-in tactics merely ran him against Finnegan's fists as the later, mililng on the retreat, stepped about his man, popping rights to face and left hooks and uppercuts to chin and body.

Finnegan boxed coolly and clean, popped his attacker without difficulty and apparently did not greatly exert himself. He did not put much steam in his punches—seemingly was holding himself in reserve. There was no question as to the winner. The bout attracted about 14,500 spectators, representing all walks of life, with many notables of state, city and business interests in attendance. The gate receipts amounted to about $51,000, the boxers each receiving 25 per cent. Joe Jacobs, of New York, was Routis' chief second, with Finnegan required by Dan Carroll, his manager.

The outcome of the contest was no surprise—it had been predicted in advance by several of the sport writers and many of the critics. In our opinion, Routis, a game, tough, willing boy, with a punch in either hand, is not a great ringster. He does not compare with many of his predecesors as a holder of the featherweight title and in the days of yore would have had a hard time of it with such Boston ringmen as Jimmy Walsh, Al Delmont, Frankie Britt, Al Shubert and some of the lesser lights. The names of Willie Jackson, Benny Valger and other New York boys of their ability and day may also be included.

Gaston Charles, of France, though fresh from an upset at the hands of Johnny Dundee in New York, whom we of Boston had supposed was all done with serious ring fighting, had better luck in his scheduled 10-round semi-final bout with Red Chapman, of Chelsea, Mass. Charles was working into the lead in this affair when the contest wos stopped at the end of the fourth round because of a bad mouth cut the Chelseaite had received in the third stanza.

The award went to Charles, who, in all probability, would have won had the fray gone the full distance. Chapman, a wonderfully fine boy, a good boxer with plenty of sand, who, at one time, was rated as New England's best, has seen his day. His ring story is one of disappointments and near-tragedies which we will not go into at this time.

Jack Britton, of New York, former world's welter champion, now 43 or 44 years old or young, continues his romp through the ranks of the New England welters, undamaged, unscarred and more courageous and full of "pep" than ever. He isn't knocking them out—merely making them look foolish, a living and visible argument in favor of the contention raised by the older critics that the warriors of the past generation were the superiors, man for man of those of the present day.

Larry Brignolia, of Charlestown, Mass., rated here as well fitted to give Al Mello, New England welter and middleweight champion a battle, was Britton's last victim. They met in the Mechanics Building and, though in two of the middle stanzas of their 10-rounder Brignolia had the veteran a bit weary from body blows, in everything but being outgamed, he was clearly defeated by the former title-holder.

For the present, Britton has fought himself out of opponents here in Boston and New England, though the ringster himself, also Dan Morgan, his mentor, would have it appear that they are anxious for a ring meeting with Al Mello. The fact has led to a lot of discussion—fanfesting in many sections—but the same is largely a waste of both time, energy and breath. There is small possibility of Mello meeting Britton now or at any other time even though the Boxing Commission should give its sanction. The latter is not likely.

Bobby Goldman, manager of Mello, disposes of the Britton matter as follows:

"Mello will not fight Britton because, first of all, he admires him. Britton is his idol and a valued friend. As regards meeting him in the ring, he has no fear of the New Yorker, but he does fear the aftermath. Mello will not risk his popularity fighting a veteran's of Britton's personal standing as there could be but one outcome—the defeat and perhaps injury of the New Yorker. Such a result would be a greater storm of censure and abuse than Al received when he won his title from Eddie Shevlin and he will not go through with such again or open himself to it. There will be no Mello-Britton fight despite the public clamor for such."

The immediate future of Dick Finnegan, conqueror of champions yet seemingly destined never to hold a title outside of New England, the same due to the jockeying of the weights, concerns itself with affairs of the heart rather than the ring. On Thanksgiving Day, he wedded Mary Eugenia Carr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Carr, of Milton, Mass., a Boston suburb, the ceremony being followed in the evening with a big reception in the Elks Hotel, this city, many sport ceelbrities attending. Finnegan has been challenged by the veteran, Benny Valger, who feels himself as able to square accounts for Routis, his countryman, but whether anything comes of it or not, remains for the future to decide.

It is with pleasure that we relate the debut here of Con O'Kelley, of Ireland, claimant of the heavyweight crown of Erin, who, on the night of November 22, was pited against Jack Gagnon, of Allston, Mass., a husky French-Canadian heavy, a tough, dangerous puncher, but slow thinker. They met in the Mechanics Building ring under the auspices of the Sharkey A. A., a new club here of which Tony Palazolo, of New York and this city, is the matchmaker.

The money of Jack Sharkey, his manager, Johnny Buckley, also that of two or three other Bostonians, is supposed to be back of the enterprise. O'Kelley came through with colors flying, winning at least seven of the rounds and making a great hit, particularly as fully half the cash customers were either Irish, of Irish descent or sympathies. However, the victory was not rooted in but was cleanly won.

O'Kelley is the first Irish heavyweight star to appear here since Jim Coffey, of the Emerald Isle, held Bat Levinsky to a 12-round draw back in 1917, also the first foreign husky of any real merit to show here in years with the possible exception of the giant Italian, Roberto Roberti. And the beauty of it all lies in the fact that the Irish boy was able to live up to all the pre-fight dope concerning him, something which often does not hapepn.

As concerns the weights, O'Kelley and Gagnon were closely matched, the announced poundage being 192½ for the Irishman and 193 for Gagnon, but the latter looked the larger and had height, reach and punch in his favor. From the bell, however, Con carried the battle to him, usually getting inside or blocking Gagnon's terrific right hand smashes, and scoring with straight lefts to head or body.

His best blow was a double with the left, a hook to body and head. He was not so good with the right though frequently, when mising with the left, shot with the right to the body. On his fett O'Kelley was very fast, particularly so for a big man. It was the opinion of those of those who have seen Tom Heeney in action that O'Kelley is the better performer.

Two fights, however, O'Kelley's limit in the States at this writing, do not make a champion and, though the present heavyweight crop as a whole borders on the mediocre, the Irishman's ambition to seat himself in Tunneys' chair means for him careful matching and plenty of hard fighting ahead. In his debut here, he appeared to be handicapped by his short arms, a bit to much fat and limited knowledge of infighting, two of which conditions can be remedied. O'Kelley was handled in the ring by his father, the former wrestler and ringman, with the veteran Tom O'Rourke, his manager, chief advisor. O'Rourke, a former Bostonian and born within the shadow of Bunker Hill monument, plans to show O'Kelley once or twice in New York, also in Chicago, and then will bring hi mhere to meet any opponent selected for him. The Irish boy is sure of a big welcome.

Many Bostonians would like to see O'Kelley paired up with Jim Maloney of South Boston—it would be a wonderful gate attraction for the promoter who can make such a match.

In connection with the Maloney-Risko fight, in which Maloney obtained the decision here, Eddie Mack, matchmaker for the Garden, fired out press dope to the effect that he plans to match the winner with Paulino, the wood chopper, and the winner of that fray with Jack Dempsey, the latter contest to he fought at Braves Field next June. Though the Garden management has secured Braves Field, the home of the Boston National league club for it outdoor tournaments in 1929, the bringing of Dempsey to Boston for a real fight is a decided futurity, particularly at this time. It is the opinion of Hub critics that if the former champion shows here at all, the bout must necesarily be in the nature of a warmup for a big "shot" elsewhere, probably New York. The present Boxing Commission never has been particularly keen for world's championship bouts between heavies in this city.

The Maloney-Risko bout, which, through his victory, replaces the Boston strong boy in the heavyweight elimination tournament, drew the record indoor attendance at the Boston Garden of 19,000 paid admissions for a record gate of $37,386.50. Looks like a good investment, the Boston Madison Square Garden.

If Paulino comes here, as seems likely, it will be his initial official visitation to the Hub. Months ago the Spaniard made a near-call on Boston when he was matched by Eddie Mack, then promoter of the Argonne A. A., to meet Ed Keeley of Bridgeport in a 10 rounder. The show was being warmed up in great shape, seemingly a bit too warm, as the glowing descriptions of the sure-death quality of Keeley's punches had their effect on the oppposition.

Someone in New York discovered that Keeley was a southpaw, Paulino decided not to make the modern Athens his port of call and, despite much huffing and puffing between the various interested parties the bout never took place. The much-touted Keeley shortly after proved a very easy mark for Jack Gagnon, following which Dave Lumiansky, ring father of the aforesaid, was very pleased to sever their relations. The whole affair was not much of a boost for Paulino with the public here.

I like Jimmy Byrne, the Kentucky southpaw now residing here. His prospects are great. He reminds me much of Battling Levinsky. To reminisce for the moment, back in January, 1916, I saw Bat Levinsky of New York stop a savage right hand drive to the jaw from Tom Cowler, the latter highly esteemed by Jim Corbett, the blow sending Bat down for nine in the first minute of the initial round. It was a wicked crack and Bat looked decidedly out of the picture. He came up, however, and though sick and dizzy, managed to weather the round, also win the battle, an affair of 12 stanzas. That affair stamped the mark of gameness on Levinsky and he has fully lived up to it in the many years he has been in the ring.

After months of idleness Jack Sharkey returned to the wars on the night of December 10 in a bout with Arthur DeKuh, the Italian giant, in a 10-rounder staged by the Arena A. C. in the Boston Arena, the first show of that organization since late summer. The long illness of "Col." Bob McKirdy, the promoter, from which he has but recently recovered, and the scarcity of suitable talent, has kept the club out of the limelight.

The fact that Sharkey is tuning up for more fighting and will be seen more or less in New York this winter, has revived Hub interest in another meeting between the ex-sailor and Jim Maloney. For Boston such a melee would be one great card and the idea is sure to receive plenty of encouragement. There is one big fly in the ointment inasmuch as the interests of Dan Carroll, Maloney's manager, are closely tied up with Eddie Mack of the new Garden, and Mack and Johnny Buckley, the latter Sharkey's mentor, are engaged in a private war. If they decide to forget their grievances for business, we will have a Sharkey-Maloney encounter. Otherwise there will be nothing doing. Mr. "Nothing Doing" has the floor just now.

The award of the National amateur championships to Boston for the 'stenth time has served to give added impetus to that branch of fisticuffs though such is hardly needed. About every Greater Boston organization which can find provocation for staging amateur glove bouts is going to it hand over hand with the "pures" using autos and motorcycles from ring to ring that they may fill their various engagements. No wonder the jewelry business is booming.

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NOTES FROM CHATTANOOGA AND VICINITY

By SAM MAGRILL

CHATTANOOGA has organized a commission of its own and from now on, there will be no more ham and eggers coming to our City to box local favorites and last one round or so. Every card held in Chattanooga must be okayed by the Commission. The Commission has taken as its model the New York State Commission.

In the first fight held under the Rule of the Commission Johnnie Flynn, Chattanooga's Fighting Irishman and Alex Simms, Canton, Ohio Bulldog, fought eight hard rounds to a draw. In the semi-windup, Battling Smith, Post Sensation, easily outfought Eddie Foley, Birmingham, in eight rounds, flooring him five times. K. O. Dean lost on a technical kayo to Fighting Mason, when they bumped heads, and Dean received a bad gash over his eye. Dannie Dundee, who is under the writer's management, substituted for Honey Boy Combs, against Johnnie Lewis, as Dundee was outweighed from 25 to 25 lbs. the bout was more of an exhibition, and Lewis only toyed with his lighter opponent.

Hoss Newell, Colored Promoter, promoted two good shows in Chattanooga. In his first card, Fighting Mason beat Dynamite Douglas in eight rounds. K. O. Dean and Fighting Mason fought eight terriffic rounds to a draw. Battling Fain, k. o.'ed Roughhouse Brown in three rounds.

Johnnie Walker, Post Middleweight, beat Eddie Welch in Johnson City in eight rounds, and also Bob Ramsey in eight. Battling Smith beat Joe Burns, and kayoed Kid Harris in five rounds, breaking his jaw. Willie Erne beat Kid Bruce, in eight rounds.

The fight game has been slack here but is drawing more interest and on the next card there will be a better attendance. The writer has a champion in the making, Dannie Dundee, 108 lbs. He won the amateur Flyweight Championship of Florida last winter and in his first start here kayoed his opponent in the first round.

Hyder Stanley, Johnnie Flynn's Manager, is anticipating taking his rugged warrior east this winter to battle with the best of the Welter crop. Flynn is a fine figher and a clean type lad.

Charles Springer is the official referee in Chattanooga, and Mr. E. L. Hudson is the promoter licensed to promote fights for the Commission.

All Fighters wishing to communicate with local fighters pertaining to getting fights in Chattanooga please write to Sam Magrill, 318 Pine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

IN SAN ANTONIO

By JACK TAYLOR

FOLLOWING are the results of the most important and best bouts staged here: Fort Sam Houston Stadium—Sgt. Sammy Baker kayoed Pete August in 5 rounds; Jimmie McDermott stopped Kid Pancho in 6 rounds; Danny Gaspiro drew with Jackie Baker in 6 rounds; Brooks Hooper kayoed Chuck Allard in 2 rounds; Newsboy Reyes kayoed Soldier McQuade in 3 rounds.

At Jack Shelton's Arena:
Pedro Arvisu beat Chon Hernandez in 6 rounds; Ray Alatoroes kayoed Mike Delaney in 5 rounds; Diego Acuna beat Leroy Dugan in 10; Pablo Alejandro beat Sailor Barrera in 6; Leroy Dugan beat Diego Acuna in return bout in 10; Pedro Arvisu and Pablo Alejandro drew in 6; Leroy Dugan beat Pal Moore in 10; Battling Shaw beat Pablo Alejandro in 6; Kid Lencho beat Pablo Alejandro in 10; Ray Alatores kayoed Bill Manness in 1; Kid Adams beat Pedro Ortega in 4.

At Kelly Field Stadium:
Bill Manness beat Jack Love in 6; Tiny Herman kayoed Whitey Davis in 4; Mide Delaney beat Gene Oneil in 4.

The big American Legion boxing show staged under the auspices of the Fort Sam Houston Aethletic Association under the direction of Lieut. James for the benefit of visiting Legionaries, was a great success.

Major Delameter and Lieut. Bill James, athletic directors of Fort Sam Houston, deserve much praise for the way they handled the show.

Following is a list of boxers. Three in each division whom I pick for your annual January number as being the best performers in San Antonio arenas during the year of 1928:

Heavyweight—Jack League, Jack Whiele and Battling Luna.

Light Heavyweight—Chuck Burns, Danny Gaspiro and Dan Navarro.

Middleweight—Red Foster, Ray Alatores and Jack Cavanaugh.

Welterweight—Johhnie Simpson, Steady Simpson and Bill Manness.

Junior Welterweight—Kid Gilbert, Mickey Young and Mike Delaney.

Lightweight—Brooks Hooper, Pedro Arvisu and Pedro Andrada.

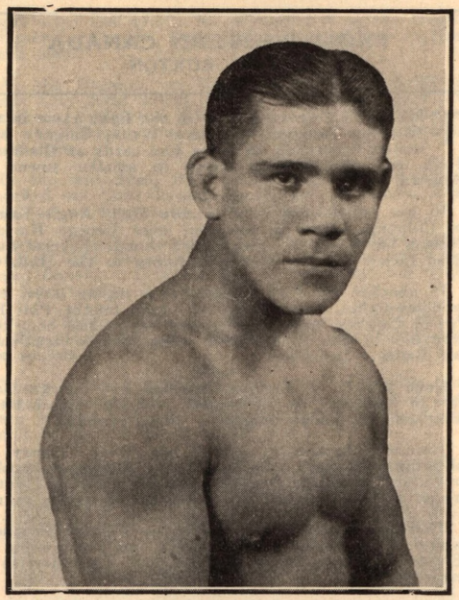
Junior Leightweight—Al Mayan, Paul Watkins and Wildsat Castro.

Featherweight—Tony Herrara, Kid Lencho and Pablo Alejandro.

Bantamweight—Kid Pancho, Diego Acuyna and Kid Adams.

Flyweight—Babe Arizmendi, Kid Carmona and Kid Gambinao.

The best performers of the year past in San Antonio were: Jack League, Tony Herrera, Brooks Hooper, Kid Carmona, Paul Watkins. Those deserving mention for special feats were: Frankie Herrera, heavy; Red Foster, middle, and Sailor Barrere, light, who each knocked out two opponents on the same evening.



Carlos Garcia, Mexico City lightweight champion

HOUSTON AND VICINITY

BY ROBERT LEE CLARK

GALVESTON boxing fans are elated over the appointment of Colonel John W. Young as chairman and Mr. A. R. Davis as secretary of the Galveston Boxing Commission to succeed the commissioners who recently resigned. Both Colonel Young and Mr. Davis know boxing and its finer points and as they are responsible business men, Galveston fans are assured a fair and fearless administration.

At Galveston—Neal Clisby, Los Angeles colored heavyweight, knocked out Willie Henry, Galveston colored lightheavyweight in the second. Soldier Joe Garrett of Ft. Crockett won the judge's decision over Sailor Barera of San Antonio.

Ed Bearcat Wright of Omaha, the big black who recently fought such a close battle with Johnny Risko, fought Neal Clisby at Galveston on December 3.

Matchmaker Miles Strickland of the Texas National Club used Kayo Brown of El Paso and Fighting Bob Lawson of New York for a twelve round bout for December 18, at Galveston.

Managers seeking bouts here address Mr. Strickland care Rankin & Company, 2010½ Avenue B, Galveston, Texas. He holds monthly shows.

There are some good boys of all weights in and near Houston who want work.

Bill Podraza, Texas Junior Lightweight Champion, won two bouts in the same week recently. At Beaumont, Texas he easily won from Young Darby in a ten round bout on November 20th. Three days later at New Orleans he stopped Ray Culotta in the sixth of a scheduled twelve round bout.

Tommy White just returned from Mexico. At Mexico City he spotted 15 pounds to Bert Colima, and White lost the decision. At Tampico, White lost the referee's decision to David Velasco.

If the writer can be of assistance to anyone his address is 611 Cotton Exchange Building, Houston, Texas.

LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY

BY PAUL WARNER

TATE LANGFORD journeyed to Springfield, Ohio, and took the decision over Howard Mitchell.

Jackie Stewart was beaten by Pete Sanstol at Chicago.

Howard McLain had a busy month knocking out Six Seconds Smith in the sixth round at Jeffersonville. McLain fought twice at Cincinnati defeating Elmer Benzenah and Reach Devlin and knocking out Kid Kent in one round at Newport, Ky.

Eddie Hammond, featherweight and Joe Slovin, Tampa, Florida, boxed a fast ten round draw at Jeffersonville. Hammond had Slovin down four times in early rounds but Slovin came over big in final rounds.

The Franklin Athletic Club has disbanded.

Al Greenfield, Chicago, 128 pounder, pulled a surprise when he knocked out Jackie Dugan in second round at Louisville.

On same card Joe Slovin, Tampa, Florida, beat Howard Jones, Louisville featherweight.

Jack Thomas, colored middleweight of Chicago, shaded John Tracy of Louisville.

Elmer Lang knocked out Young Eiler in second round.

At the Franklin Club, Grover Malini, New Orleans middleweight, and Jimmy Finley of Louisville boxed a sizzling twelve round draw. Eddie Goldberg and Jackie Purvis, junior welters, boxed a draw in eight rounds.

Buster Wilson, 137 lbs., gave Kid Kaufman some weight and also a bad beating in eight rounds.

K. O. Blackburn, Louisville heavyweight, added another K. O. to his string, knocking out Johnny Ritz of Indianapolis in second round.

Tuck Wenning, premier flyweight in this section, is in condition again and says he wants plenty of work.

AT GALVESTON

By B. SPROULE

FOLLOWING are the results of bouts held here: Neal Clisby knocked out Willie Henry in 2 rounds; Joe Garrett won decision over Sailor Berrera in 8 rounds; Battling Terry knocked out Buffalo Kid in 1 round; Nate Zainfield won decision over Soldier Warnken in 6 rounds.

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MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

"JACK FROST" has returned with his usual whirlwind attack of wind and snow, but he has not stirred the local boxing game to activity. King Christmas is on the home stretch and local fans are hoping that with his arrival, Alex. Moore or Jimmie McKimmie will donate a fight card to celebrate the occasion.

McKimmie has good connections in the racket and could line up some attractive talent. Some time ago he announced his intention of staging "fite nites" at the Monumente Nationale, and the gang along "Glovers Grove" are still keeping the extra "mazuma" aside for the promised treat.

"Little Alec" Moore presented some snappy programs at the Forum during the fall and finished up with a record show, record gate, record fight, or briefly, record night. The intake of two dozen grand "iron men" and the two title scraps on the same card established Canadian boxing history. Perhaps Alec does not care to go back to small shows as the Forum is not available during the hockey season and the Monumente accommodates less than 4,000.

Prospects DO look bright for next Spring with a promoter or two reported to be crossing the border to try their luck, and with Alec Moore at the Forum as usual and Jimmie McKimmie expecting to operate at the Mount Royal Arena, whadda yuh say? Lucien Riopel, local wrestling promoter, insists that his syndicate is quite serious about a project which is the the building of a huge sports arena to seat 35,000 humans.

Popular Bobby Leitham, foremost contender for the Canadian bantam title held by Joe Villeneuve of Quebec City, is sling the leather faster and harder than ever in his workouts in local gyms and is likely to be booked for several matches in Portland during the Winter. Bobby was recently engaged as boxing coach by the Verdun 500 Club and is certainly efficient in showing his pupils the delicate art of hit and miss.

Jack Rogers and his shadow, Lou Wyman, should soon be staging their shows in Quebec City. The writer expects to join the gang on the next trip and cast the peepers on proceedings. Slitkin & Slotkin (alias Jack and Lou) expect to continue attracting the public of the "Ale & Porter" City.

Leo Kid Roy is still the Canadian featherweight king by virtue of his sensational two-fisted finish against Vic Foley in Vancouver. Foley was winning up to the sixth and then the Montrealer fired his artillery which proved too heavy for the tired Coast challenger. Roy followed this up with a K. O. in six heats over Jack Townsend in a match for the Canadian junior lightweight title. If the "commish" recognizes the claim, then Roy will again be a double titleholder. Manager Raoul Godbout has several offers from Seattle and others.

Al Foreman, hard punching Canadian lightweight champ, is in London. Might be another title for Al, who is of English birth.

Gene Brosseau is likely to keep his smart lightweight, George Chabot, and Art Giroux, speedy flyweight, busy in Portland and other towns during the Winter. Chabot may be a welterweight when Spring brings the game back here again.

Sig Hoiseth continues his habit of knocking the light heavies cold while an amateur. Alias Battling Tracey, he has hung the K. O. on all six of his pro opponents. Barney O'Connell has been winning consistently and is matched with Midget Lavinge, bantam champ of Vermont.

Dinny White is piloting several likely youngsters and under his care they should go far. Gordie Sauve is training hard at Sammy Pierce's gym for his attempt at a comeback. Eddie Carroll is in North Bay, Ont., building himself up.

Young Lebrun, 19 year old bantamweight sensation under the management of H. Rappaport of Sherbrooke, Que., met Joe Villeneuve of Quebec City, Canadian Bantamweight Champion, and defeated him in an eight round bout right after Villeneuve was given the Championship by the Boxing Commission. The title was not at stake as both were a little overweight.

MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA
By JACK HART

AL ANDERSON, heavyweight champion of Western Canada, kayoed Nels Moe in the fourth round at Abbey, Sask.

Young Yorkie, Regina, defeated Kid McDonald in the second round at Kincaid, Sask.

Jackie Lewis, Regina, defeated Vic Skereton at Swift Current, Sask., in ten rounds.

Joe Cooper defeated Barney Doran, Calgary, Alta., veteran, in one of the most gruelling contests seen here. It was a six-round affair and Doran took a terrific beating. He was out on his feet at the end of the sixth round.

At Yorkton, Sask., Kid Lees retained the welterweight championship of Western Canada by his victory over Bob Canuck, of Moose Jaw. The bout was a humdinger with plenty of excitement.

At Anercid, Sask., Young Yorkie, of Regina, knocked out Kid Henry, of Moose Jaw, in the third round. Curly Rhues fighter knew to much for his opponent.

FROM WESTERN CANADA
By BILL BUXTON

THERE is a great revival in the fight game in the Western Prairies. Tommy Write, Calgary promoter, is putting on some fine cards at Glenmore Hall, and also staging shows in smaller towns in Alberta.

In his initial card at Glenmore Hall, Augie Sauer, of Calgary, scored a knockout over George Harlow, Nelson heavyweight, in the third round. Several hundred fans could not gain admittance to the Hall.

In another show at Nanton, four nights later, two middleweights, Dean Pierce of Idaho fought Phil Befus of Calgary, over a ten round bout. The bout terminated in the fifth round when Pearce accidently hit Befus a low blow.

Gene Welch, of Erskine, knocked out George Garfatt of Montreal, in two rounds, and four nights later, knocked out Rocky Regan in three rounds.

Jimmie Johnston, a colored boy from Calgary, is showing good form. He beat Rocky Regan, of Brooks, over four rounds at the Glenmore Hall, and at Uanton he put Young Thompson to sleep in the fourth round.

There are many claimants to the Western Featherweight Championship and one of the outstanding is Elmer Rathwell, of Medicine Hat. This boy is a crowd pleaser.

Another good featherweight prospect in Alberta is Taffy Williams, late of Edmonton, and now at Calgary. He is a former Welsh fighter, and is now training under the Calgary promoter.

Phil Befus, former Stettler battler, is making great strides in the middleweight ranks. He knocked out Fogarty in the Canadian Legion show at Stettler in the second.

At Yorkton, "Kid" Lees, welterweight, put the K. O. on Bobbie Canuck, of Moose Jaw in the third round.

The writer would be pleased to hear from Alberta fight correspondents in regard to any shows promoted in their districts, which can then be recorded in this magazine, which is recognized as the foremost boxing magazine in the United States and Canada. Information on boxing matters in the Western Prairies, from would-be scrappers can be obtained by writing to the writer, Hotel Alexandra, Calgary, Alta.

The Calgary Branch of the Canadian Legion staged a two nights' boxing tournament, on November 19 and 20. Some fine Amateur bouts were witnessed by a big crowd and the majority of the events were won by the Y. M. C. A. boxers, who have for their Instructor, Alex Wilson, former welterweight scrapper.

NORTHERN WEST VA. PANHANDLE
BY "HOP" CLEMENS

STAN WILLIAMS of Martin's Ferry turned in a victory over Stevie Nugent of Cleveland, Dannie Dunn's boy, at the Metropolitan A. C. show held in the Wheeling Auditorium over the ten round distance. This makes two in a row over Nungent for Williams. They fought at 125 pounds.

Al Iavanoe, 118 pound Charleroi, Pa., south-paw, kayoed Tony Tortoise of McKeesport in the semi-final to the Williams-Nungent go in the fourth round. Iavanoe was formerly National A. A. U. bantam champ.

Harry Spencer of Washington, Pa., who had previously scored nine kayoes in twelve bouts, found a tartar in Bobby Green of Akron in their six rounder at the Metro's November 12th show. They are middleweights.

In the headliner at the Wellsburg A. C., Tony Tortoise of McKeesport, Pa., kayoed Petie Manners of Pittsburgh in the fourth round, Mickey McManus had a poor attendance. They are 118 pounders.

U. S. Carpentier of Pittsburgh flashed some fast jabs and cut up Harry Morrison of Steubenville badly in their six round headliner at the Benwood A. C. Morrison was out of his class and was lucky to stay the limit.

A new 17 year old welter, Johnny Popicg of Wheeling, is coming along with rapid strides. Johnny has kayoed five out of his last seven opponents, three coming in a two weeks space. He kayoed "Greaser" Stosito, of Bellaire, rated tough, at the Metropolitan A. C. on November 12th, in two heats, stopped Frankie Straface of Wheeling at the Benwood A. C. on November 26th in two rounds, and came back on the 27th and stopped Johnny Greb of Martins Ferry in two rounds at the Elm Grove A. C.

Al Iavance, 118 pounder from Charleroi, Pa., has been given a return match with Petie Roberts of Martins Ferry, O. These boys fought a furious draw here a month ago.

Petie Patch of Bellaire, Ohio, disposed of Frankie Burnas in four at Benwood and Kid Cortellesi kayoed Young Sweeney of Wheeling in the second at the Elm Grove A. C.

Young "Al" Williams of Martins Ferry stopped Johnny Sudor of Weirton in the headliner at the Elm Grove A. C. in the third round. Williams is just a kid but comes from a fighting family. He is a flyweight.

Bobby Colena of Pittsburgh and Young Bruno step another six round semi-windup to the Dud Ring-Young Rudy go at the Metro. In a headliner at the Benwood A. C. Bruno battered Colena terribly for five rounds, and with but 34 seconds left of the sixth, Bruno in trying to put Colena out, left himself wide open and Colena nailed him with a terrific right which put Bruno out for forty minutes. Write that in your book.

Write Paul W. Clemens, Elm Grove, W. Va. for any information concerning Northern West Virginia boxing.

MEMPHIS AND VICINITY
By EARL W. McGRORY

IN Memphis, Rebel Red Herring of Utica, N. Y., scored an eight round win over Grover Mallini of New Orleans.

Dummy McKinney, Memphis middleweight, stopped Bill Branner of Biloxi in the first round at Greenville, Miss.

At the age of thirty-three, Dummy McKinney seems to have taken on a new lease of life. He is boxing two or three times a month now and is turning in a lot of wins.

In a double windup at the Memphis Stadium, Buster Mallini defeated Bernie Irvine in eight rounds and Red Herring stopped George Finning in one round. Other bouts on the card were, Percy Palmer defeated David Creel in six rounds, and Mal Quinland boxed a four round draw with Curtis Mullen.

Dick Clarke of Memphis fought an eight round draw with Fred Rivalto, also of Memphis, at Corinth, Miss.

Grover Mallini of New Orleans stopped Jimmy Griffin of Memphis in three rounds at Little Rock.

Jimmy Cox, Southern middleweight, stopped Boilermaker Jack Steele of Laredo, Texas, at Aberdeen, Miss., in the fourth.

Bobby Burns and Mickey Luter fought an eight round draw at Memphis. Burns also won two eight round decisions over Red Beck during the past few weeks.

Grover Mallini beat Jack Melrose at Greenville in ten rounds. Mallini had Melrose on the floor several times.

The final show of the month at Memphis ended in a draw between Buster Mallini and Billy Brown. Red Beck and Dave Sullivan boxed an eight round draw.

After much negotiating, Billy Haack has at last been successful in signing up Dwight Fryer of Little Rock to battle Red Herring. Twice before this match was lined up but had to be called off on account on an injury to Fryer's hand.

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Picked Up in Detroit and Vicinity

By "MICKEY" McINTYRE

IN October 25 at the Fairview A. C., Johnny Minella, Detroit featherweight, defeated Frankie Susnell, of Pittsburgh. This was a rematch, Minella having won previously. Frankie fought a waiting fight, coming back with a whirlwind rally in the last round. Minella was the aggressor throughout.

In the semi final of six rounds Guy Muldoon, Detroit feather, took a bad beating from Phil Curro, also of Detroit. However, the former amateur star was guilty of using foul tactics at times. Curro took four of the six rounds.

Red Allen, Detroit veteran, substituting for Jack Willis, knocked out Ray Ryan, Pittsburgh feather, in he second round. The deciding punch was a one-two to the jaw.

Al Caloi, Detroit featherweight, persuaded Babe Herman, also of Detroit, not to come out for the third round by giving the latter a bad beating in the first and second heats.

I have received many letters from men managing near champions who call me down for not mentioning them in the columns of this great magazine. I can't publish everything people want me to, so I will make this proposition. I will send you the advertising rates of the RING. You pay for the space and I will write the story gratis! Fair enough.

Watch Babby Amster. He is a near champion. In his most recent bouts he decisively outpointed Al Bryant, and easily took Murray Elkins into camp. He can box and he packs no mean wallop. He is now under the management of Robert M. Lerman.

Phil McGraw seems to be about washed up. At Philadelphia recently he was knocked down three times, but finally managed to win on a foul from Benny Bass. Well, we're wishing you all the good luck in the world, Phil, but you'd better hang up the gloves.

At Flint, Roger Bernard, Flint lightweight, defeated Joey Thomas, Chicago blond, in a very good fight. Thomas has a long string of wins previous to this.

At Mt. Clemans an Army show was held. Bill Bailey, the matchmaker matched himself to fight Kid Hon of Mt. Clemans and knocked out the later in the bargain. Hon is a good fighter but this time he met his match.

In the semi-final of six rounds Soldier Jack Leshone easily defeated Adam Helzer, of Mt. Clemans. Helzer is not going so good. He has been beaten by Nick Milske and Jack Deshone twice.

Bobby Palma, Mt. Clemans welter, knocked out Jack Burke of Selfridge Field, in the main preliminary scheduled for six rounds.

Promoters and Managers of Michigan are urged to send in any news or data and they will be used. Pictures, news of fights and anything pertaining to the game here will be accommodated.

At the Fairview A. C. Mickey Goldberg made his first start in almost a year, beating Matty Cordex of Lynn, by a shade. It was a dull bout.

In the most sensational bout of the night, Morrie Baker, Detroit welter, stopped Joe Oliver, also of Detroit, who substituted for Jack McTiernan of Pittsburgh. Arising from a nine count the Twelfth Street boy weathered the storm and landed a clean K. O. punch.

In the main preliminary, Frankie Mack, Detroit, shaded Eddie Fitzsimmons, Detroit lightweight. Fitzsimmons tired after the third round.

Danny Levine, New York feather, knocked out Georgie Carpinson, of Los Angeles in the last round of a six round bout.

At a benefit show, held at Danceland for the widow of the late Kid Levigne, Lope Tenario was scheduled to fight Ray Miller, and Vic Burrone was to fight Midget Mike O'Dowd. However, the money was not there and only two fights were held.

Frankie Murphy, Scotch flyweight champion, defeated Irish Mickey Gill, Ireland's champion in eight rounds. It was a rather dull contest.

In the opening bout of six rounds, Joey Katkish, of Pittsburgh, defeated Gus Bans of Detroit. Bans was willing but could not penetrate Joey's defense.

Pete Firpo has been curbed! The commission has ruled that the Rumanian must fight in six round bouts only until he proves that he will stay in condition. He has not fought since he led with his stomach against Soldier Dombrowski.

Carl Mazzola will fight Mickey Goldberg at Danceland soon.

Tiger Kelly was in an automobile accident. The night after the wreck, he defeated one of the toughest men in Canada. Kelly fights Kid Sullivan in New York soon.

At the Olympia on November 9, Tuffy Griffiths, Sioux City light heavy, scored a knockout over Joe Anderson, Covington, Ky., in the fourth round. Anderson was no match for the speedy and hard punching Westerner.

In the semi-final, Ray Miller, Chicago lightweight, knocked out Lope Tenario in the second stanza. Tenario had no defense for Miller's left hook.

Harry Ebbetts, Freeport, L. I. middleweight, manhandled Billy Peterson, of Detroit, carrying off a ten round decision. Peterson was the aggressor but could not land solidly on the elusive New Yorker.

Owen Phelps, Chicago middleweight, easily defeated Ken Martindale, of Eldorado, Ark. This fight went six rounds.

There is being published here a list of boxing promoters. During the first month over half of all that were printed had been sold. Get yours early or you won't be able to get it at all.

Garry Leach, a middleweight doing good work in Indiana.

Harry Harris has decided not to pay the railroad expenses of boxers whom he has on his shows. The limit now is Ferndale. Atta boy, Harry.

At Danceland, Billy Shaw, Detroit bantamweight, won on a foul from Archie Bell, flashy New Yorker, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten rounder. Bell was leading by a decisive margin.

In the semi-final of ten rounds Jimmy Russo, Jackson, recognized flyweight champion of Michigan, was held to a draw by "Dynamic Frankie" Young. It was close and a rematch would pack the Olympia.

Jimmy O'Brien, Pontiac walter, defeated Chuck Minella, Detroit, in a six round bout. Minella was no match for the hard hitting O'Brien.

In the opener of six rounds, Jimmy Dorsey of Detroit, easily beat Jack Kelly of Pittsburgh. Kelly could not cope with the hard punching Detroiter.

Ray Miller, Chicago lightweight, knocked out Jimmy McLarnin of Los Angeles in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Olympia Club on November 30.

McLarnin took a severe beating and was in such condition that he was unable to respond for the eighth round. His seconds tossed a towel nto the ring. McLarnin was a favorite at 5 to 1 before the bout. The weights were McLarnin 137½ pounds, Miller 132. A crowd of 15,000 paid $55,000.

As early as the first round it was evident that McLarnin had met his master. Miller crashed into him from the start and had him bleeding from a cut under the right eye before the round ended. Miller continued his assault in the second and third, but McLarnin rallied in the fourth and fifth. He won the honors in these two sessions, with Miller in retreat.

But in the sixth Miller came charging out of his corner and knocked McLarnin reeling into the ropes with a left hook to the jaw. McLarnin, after another furious attack, started to sink to his knees, but managed to keep his feet, with Miller piling into him trying to whip over a knockout punch. Another right and left to the jaw made McLarnin's knees bend and he was an open target for Miller's vicious punches. McLarnin was so groggy that he went to Miller's corner instead of his own when the round ended.

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

NOTHING would please Benny Bass beter than to get a shot at Andre Routis, the featherweight champion. This Philadelphia star is likely to be accommodated in a meeting with the Frenchman when the latter returns from his trip to France.

Johnny Jadick, who gained a ten round decision over Steve Smith of Bridgeport in Allentown, recently, went to the post with Bruce Flowers, the New York negro lightweight, Dec. 7, in Madison Square Garden.

It's not often that two amateurs meet one another when they turn professional but that's what happened when Eddie Cool and Mike Palmer clashed at the Cambria on Thanksgiving Day.

Bob Shannon, a popular West Philadelphia fighter, ran into a pack of trouble when he collided with Don Petrin of Newark, recently at the Arena. This Petrin can sock from all angles. Shannon went the limit but was glad when the final bell rang.

Johnny De Marco, of South Philadelphia, lost in the battle of the De Marco's when he collided with Cuddy De Marco of Pittsburgh, staged in McKeesport, Nov. 22. The Philadelphia De Marco is a tough scrapper and always makes it interesting for his rivals.

Light heavyweight champion Tommy Loughran is back from his hunting trip and has been keeping in shape by playing handball and boxing in the gym. Tommy pines for some heavyweight action but the N. Y. Commission says "no!" Furthermore he and his manager claim they are not worried over the recent ruling that he must confine himself to the light heavyweight division.

Ritchie Martell, South Philadelphian, ran into a setback when he lost the eight round decision to Red Grange of Vineland in the Thanksgiving Day windup at Millville.

Mickey Diamond did a neat piece of boxing when he outfought Babe Herman, former California flash, in the windup at the Broadway A. C. recently. All of the eight rounds were rough but Diamond showed that he could take care of himself at all times.

Tom Toner continues to battle his way along in the heavyweight division and the Max Hoff, Inc., stable has a promising puncher in this big fellow, who is related to Jack O'Brien, former Philadelphia star.

From amateur ranks to a high niche in the professional ranks is the rapid rise of Lew Lafferty. The Philadelphia featherweight recently gained a ten round decision over Wilbur Cohen, rugged New York colored fighter at the Cambria.

Kid Snowden, the Lincoln University middleweight sensation, who was stopped by Babe McGorgary, has started his comeback drive. He knocked out Mickey Casey of Scranton recently at the Arena but the following night dropped a close decision to Bobby Evans at Reading. Evans is a promising Conshohocken battler.

Al Rowe, Kensington featherweight, has been sold by Cliff Bent to Joe Jacobs of New York, for a price said to be $7,500. Rowe will continue as his trainer. Rowe is a former Middle Atlantic bantamweight champion. He will continue to live in Phillie.

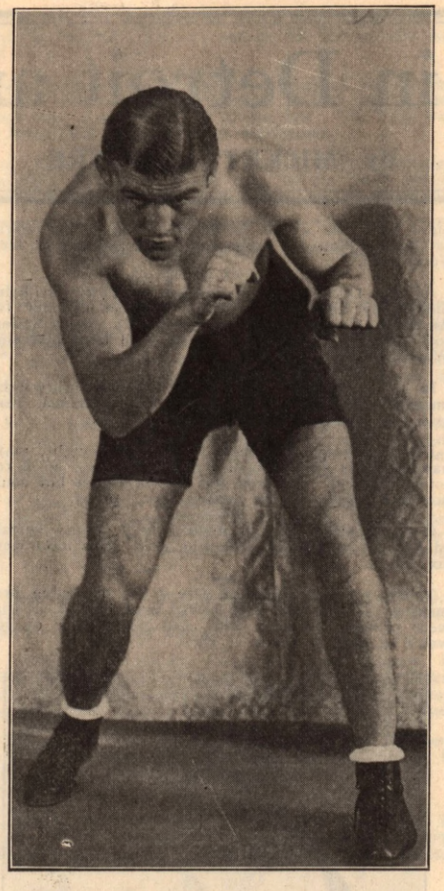
Harry Blitman, clever southpaw featherweight, after being idle for several months, returned to the ring recently by meeting Wilbur Cohen in Atlantic City.

Shanahan C. C. has done very well in promoting amateur bouts. Another tournament will be held Dec. 13 with hundreds of entries.

Jack Gross, the Salem, N. J. heavyweight, who makes his fighting quarters in Phillie, polished off Pietro Corri, the Austrian heavy, in rapid fire order at Camden. Gross put the foreigner away in the third round.

Sixteen boxers, all of whom were formerly managed by Max (Boo Boo) Hoff and Pete Tyrell, have been signed by Max Hoff, Inc., which was recently chartered as a pugilistic "stable" in Delaware. The "stable" is said to be one of the largest in the country and includes:

Jack Gross and Tom Toner, heavyweights; Matt Adgie, light heavyweight; Vicent Forgione, Jake Thomas and Joe Bashara, middleweights; Jeab Mengeot, Mickey Martell and Henri De Wancker, lightweights; Al Gordon, junior lightweight; Harry Blitman, featherweight; Morris Axelrod, bantamweight and Erwin Baus, flyweight.



Joe Zelinsky, who under the management of Billy Ames, is making good headway as a middleweight in Syracuse.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA NOTES
By TED GRESS

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, of New York, defeated Tiger Thomas, of Williamsport, at Jack Leisenring's show. Rosenbloom won by a comfortable margin, although Thomas was dangerous at all times. Red Delp, of Reading, shaded Ralph Wagner in the semi-windup.

Jack Leisenring, the hard working promoter at Williamsport, has been a big factor in staging fine bouts in this part of the state. Although Williamsport boasts a population of less than 50,000, Jack has offered his patrons attractions that sometimes surpass the feature bouts in some metropolitan centers.

Art Feeser, Lebanon's lightweight hope, is on the sidelines with a hand injury, suffered recently when he knocked out Joey Barnes, of Mt. Carmel, in four rounds.

Al. Friedman, Boston, knocked out Tony Youkonis in the second frame at Allentown. Incidentally Allentown has been enjoying some rather toppy cards of late with Charley Ettinger and Frankie Driscoll both operating clubs.

Brooks Laubach, Williamsport's Blonde Tiger, has returned to the fistic wars after a short layofl. Laubach is campaigning for a shot at Dorey Shimar, another Williamsport boy. A Laubach-Shimar fight is a natural and one that no doubt would pack Leisenring's club.

Irish Dick Curtin, of Lebanon, scored a knockout over Kid McCoy of Reading at Ephrata. Curtin is starting to show flashes of his old form. Lack of training has been the Lebanon lad's big fault.

Jack Reynolds, Indiana lightweight flash, has most of the lightweights in this part ducking for cover whenever his name is mentioned.

Tommy Liberto, York featherweight, turned the tables on Midget Fox by winning the feature bout at Charlie Hipp's club in York.

Eddie LeRoy, sterling Williamsport featherweight, is much in demand these days, but the promoters find it difficult to locate suitable opponents for him. Eddie continues to improve with every start.

Scotty Walls, of Scotland, has made a big hit here with his whirlwind style. Scotty scored knockouts in his last two starts.

Jim Morrissey, of Harrisburg, is one of the most popular and efficient referees in this state. The boys all like Jim and the crowds often pass favorable comment on his work.

Joey Kaufman, of New York, outpointed Ray Mitchell, of Philadelphia, in the feature bout at Allentown recently.

Davey Abad turned in one of the greatest triumphs of his limited career when he decisively trounced Pete Nebo, crackerjack Seminole Indian, at the Arena of Philadelphia on November 26. Davey showed his speed and dexterity to the highest degree and looked like the greatest fighting machine that Philadelphia had ever seen by the manner in which he toyed with Nebo, who was accounted one of the foremost featherweight contenders by virtue of his victories over Benny Bass, Harry Blitman, Kid Francis and draw with Tony Canzoneri.

PITTSBURGH AND VICINITY
By JULES D. BECK

NOVEMBER was a mouth full of action here. Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh featured several good shows. Eddie Kid Wagner, veteran Philadelphia lightweight beat Pittsburgh's most popular boy, Young Rudy in ten rounds.

Tony LaRose beat Bobby Richardson but was forced to bow to Rudy Cedar. Both bouts took place at Motor Square Garden.

Canada Lee, New York welter, scored over Larry Brignoba at Erie in ten hectic rounds.

Johnny Datto, Cleveland Filipino featherweight, scored a K. O. over Cas DeRose from Cincinnati at the Jolly Bowl in New Castle, but lost to Andy Martin in ten fast rounds at Pittsburgh.

Phil Goldstein, Pittsburgh lightweight, returned to his old stamping grounds and lost a hard fought ten round bout to Cuddy DeMarco at Motor Square. Danny Billick, bantam, lost to the veteran Howard Mayberry in eight rounds.

Washington, Penna., conducts shows semi-monthly. Promoter L. C. Goodrich, is at the helm.

The Majestic Club in McKeesport is also going along smoothly with shows running regularly. James McGirr is the promoter.

Fighters, when in Pittsburgh, don't fail to look up Flynn's Gymnasium. It is the finest gym in the city. The leading fighters in the district make it their headquarters.

Preliminary boys who show promise around here are Joey Randall, Dominick Proffio, Tommy Malco, Jack Banyon and Young Chioda. Tug Phillips, Jimmy Belmont, Bill Scillo, Joey Lauder, Leo Hybursky, are local welters that look quite promising. In fact any of the above mentioned can be featured headliners at the smaller clubs.

Jimmy Dunn, veteran pilot from Cleveland, has a promising looking lightweight in Joey Goodman from Virginia.

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IN ROCHESTER
By ROCKY CONTI

PROFESSIONAL boxing reopened on December 1 in Rochester after a long lay off of 10 months.

The local amateurs are getting plenty of work in Rochester with three clubs running weekly, the B. P. O. Elks, Rochester A. C., and the Knghts of Columbus.

Osk Till, local middleweight champion, is still going strong. In his last two bouts he defeated Bobby Williams and Garfield Johnson, colored light heavyweight of Pittsburgh, Pa. Till seems unbeatable since he has been boxing under Red Carr.

Jack Madison, local light heavyweight, who has been boxing around Maine the past few months, is another boy who is going good. Madison is managed by the writer and he has met such boys as Joe Monte, Bob Mills, Frank Rice and several other good heavyweights.

Billy Clark, veteran bantamweight star, who in his day defeated Johnny McCoy and Pal Moore, has been promoted as matchmaker for the new Knights of Columbus Club.

Dominick Angelo, local middleweight, defeated Billy Wallace, a heavyweight, of Binghamton, N. Y., a few weeks ago at Utica, N. Y. Angelo is the best looking prospect developed in Rochester in the past 10 years.

Battling Barry, local lightweight, is in strict training and will soon be heard of in the near future.

Johnny Kosowloski, Polish lightweight champion, has returned home from Poland where he was visiting relatives.

Virgil Kincaid, Buffalo middleweight, is putting on weight. A few years ago Virgil was boxing as a flyweight and today it is hard for him to make the middleweight class. Kincaid a few weeks ago defeated Jack Manley of Wilkes Barre, Pa. The writer thinks Kincaid is a second Harry Greb.

Mike Rago, local junior welterweight, who recently went under an operation on his nose, is training daily.

Lew Conti, former amateur lightweight champion of Rochester, has opened a gym in Hornell, N. Y., and is managing a good string of boxers there. Lew had six of his boys boxing here on the last amateur show and five were winners.

Joe Stone, Auburn, N. Y. junior welterweight, is craving for action. Stone is a good club-fighter. He always gives the fans a run for their money. Stone may be reached through the writer.

Managers or promoters seeking information regarding this territory can write to Rocky Conti, 745 North St., Rochester, N. Y.

HUDSON COUNTY NOTES
EDWARD ZANFRINI

GENE McCUE of New York was stopped by "Cuban" Bobby Brown of Philadelphia in the third round at the Oakland A. A.

Midget Fox of Philadelphia was given a draw with Harry Carlton of Jersey City in 8 rounds.

Georgie Woods of Bayonne stopped Russell Gordon of Elizabeth in the second round at the opening show of Bayonne's new indoor club.

Ted Jackson of Bayonne pounded out a victory over Vic Patterson of Newark in the six round semi-final.

Johnny Toye nosed out Charlie Wells in an interesting six rounder.

The Mack brothers, Petey, Georgie and Johnny, have decided to fight again. A few weeks ago the boys announced that they were through with fighting. That was shortly after Bobby Brady had kayoed Georgie.

Tommy "Kid" Murphy of Trenton hooked and jabbed Johnny Harris of Kansas City all over the ring until the referee halted the one sided contest in the third round to save Johnny from further punishment at the Oakland A. A.

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Freddie Ahearn was kayoed by George Price in the first round.

Marty Collins of Philadelphia defeated Mickey Blaine of Newark in a ten rounder.

Carman Roman of Bayonne scored a kayo over Herman Follins of Pittsburgh in the sixth.

Freddie Polo of Bloomfield knocked Jackie Horner of St. Louis senseless in the second round at the Newark Armory.

Nat Arno of Newark and Georgie Nickfor of New York fought an eight round draw.

Tommy Rizzo scored a knockout over Norman Wolf in the sixth while Joe Moresco of Orange stopped Charlie Gibsson in seventh.

Moe Fischer of Newark was awarded the decision over Johnny McCann of Newark.

Billy Amster won the decision over Al. Bryant of Newark in ten rounds at the Newark Laurel Garden.

Jack Shaw, Union City's heavyweight, defeated Marco Polo in four rounds at Madison Square Garden, and followed by knocking out Paul Hoffman of New York, in 9 rounds at the St. Nicholas Rink.

Ernie Schaaf, former heavyweight champion of the Navy, scored a knockout over James J. Lawless of Harrison, in seven rounds at the Newark Armory.

Tony Galento of Orange won the decision over Jack Smith in the six round semi-final.

Jay Macedon kayoed Young Battone in three rounds while Joe Rizzo of Elizabeth stopped Joe Macy of Nutely in the first round.

Freddie Huber of North Bergen defeated Johnny Schupack of Paterson in eight rounds at the Floral Park Arena.

Mickey Kelleher of Bayonne won on a foul over Joey Wolf of Union City in the second round.

Buckey Keyes of Jersey City won over Joe Vanlento of Paterson in a four while Joe Shaara of Cliffside disposed of Charley Lynch of Bayonne in the second.

Frank De Giovanni of Hoboken knocked out George Rittino of Hillside in the second round.

Joe Jeannette, heavyweight sensation of years ago, is teaching the boys the fine points of the game at his large gymnasium in Union City. Among them are Ralph Lenny, Jack Shaw and Bobby Brady.

Maxie Rosenbloom beat "Cuban" Bobby Brown of Philadelphia in twelve rounds at the Oakland Arena.

Tony Melore took the measure of Young Pete Herman of New York in eight rounds.

Jimmy Decker of Bayonne won over Dominick Orsi in six rounds.

Sammy Matthews lost on an unintentional foul to Augie Piraez in the second and Al Gilbert was the winner over Pinkey Clayton in the second.

Bobby Brady, Jersey City's sensational featherweight, defeated Joe Malone of New York in ten rounds at the Oakland A. A.

Gene McCue of New York knocked out Charlie Parker of Hoboken in the fifth round.

Ralph Lenny of Union City, is anxious to get going again.

Phil Krug of Newark met K.O. Freddie Polo of Bloomfield in the main bout at the Newark Armory and after ten rounds of slugging Phil was given the decision over Polo.

Tony Polcari of Union City is cleaning up. Thus far Tony has thirty-five straight wins.

Sam Cohen has taken Freddie Huber of North Bergen under his wing and has him signed for many bouts.

Harry Carlton, classy lightweight of Jersey City, won the decision over Miget Fox of Philadelphia in 8 rounds.

Joey Costa of Jersey City was held to a draw by Benny Martini of New York in eight rounds.

ALBANY, TROY AND UPPER NEW YORK
By HARRY MACK

WITH the advent of the Menands Gardens, an arena capable of seating 7,500 fans, fistic lovers of the Albany-Troy section are assured of high-class boxing shows this Winter. Bill Benacker and Bill Bryant are matchmaker and promoter respectively.

Nick Carline, Albany featherweight, appeared at the St. Nicholas Rink in New York and won over Freddie Snyder of New Jersey.

Nick Teste, Troy welterweight, idle for some weeks, expects to don the gloves again after the holiday season

Frankie La Fay, classy Troy lightweight, has been taking a brief rest, despite fact that Jimmie Betts, his manager, had some offers for him.

Joe Netre, Syracuse manager, has a nifty colored boy, Garfield Johnson, light-heavyweight. Johnson has been hibernating in Pittsburg, but recently was turned over to Netre by Babby Joe Gans, crack colored lightweight. Johnson hails from the Coast and has boxed draws with Osk Till and Maxie Rosenbloom and punched holes in Chuck Wiggins, winning with ease.

Al Rackow, Syracuse blond featherweight managed by Billy Ames and Tommy Mack, is quite a performer. At Buffalo recently, he took a win over Johnny Helstein, St. Louis boy and also trounced Joe Manuel of Rochester in Buffalo. If the Syracusan can keep up this kind of work, he can't miss getting in the big money soon.

Larry Maranucci, Troy welterweight youngster, went to Claremont, New Hampshire, and punched out a decision over Mike Silvers of Claremont. Maranucci can sock and looks like he's headed somewhere in the boxing limelight.

Jackie Brady, Syracuse, won decision over Sid Barbaran, Detroit, in ten rounds, at Arena, Syracuse. Brady doesn't seem to draw the customers upstate.

Moe Myers, who staged shows at his Collar City Stadium in Troy for the past few years, has taken a lease on Mid-City ballroom, mid-way between Albany and Troy and directly opposite the Menands Gardens, and plans to start giving fandom of this section boxing shows around Christmas or thereon.

"Red" Riley, Troy middleweight, who has so many amusing features to his fighting that he is always going around New York state, is scheduled to make his debut at Holyoke, Mass., shortly, against a good boy.

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Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1928.

County of New York } ss.:
State of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1928.

(Seal) ARTHUR GREENBERG.

Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 106. New York County Register's No. 3000-A.

Commission expires March 30, 1930.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

NOW that the cold has set in and local indoor arenas have reopened. Southern Ohio dyed-in-in-wool fans can look forward to some high class shows.

Boxers of the type of Jim Slattery, Eddie Anderson, Joe Sekyra, Johnny Mason, Joe Anderson and several other leading lights are helping a great deal to revive the boxing game in the southern section of the Buckeye state.

Johnny Brown of Cincinnati defeated Johnny Nasser the Terre Haute bantam at the Armory.

The L. B. Harrison club was awarded the 1928 amateur bouts.

Joe Dragon defeated Sammy Tucker of Newark, N. J. at Ft. Thomas in a 10 round bout.

Newark, O.—Joe Boiychan (Newark) beat Tony Lupica (Toledo) in 10 rounds.

Jack McTiernan the Pittsburgh middleweight K.O.'d Ted Morgan of Akron in 4 rounds at the latters home town on Nov. 1.

Steve O'Malley, the Detroit Irishman sure picked "tough meat" the night he met Maxie Strub of Erie, Pa. in a ten-rounder at Music Hall.

Chris Fenton, East End middleweight, fought a hard battle against Harry Harriss of Adrian, Mich. who won the decision.

Cincinnati may yet produce a heavyweight contender. Johnny Creeley is towing a likely looking lad in Billy Sullivan, who in his last 3 times out beat Chuck Ewing, and hung kayo's on K.O. Blackburn and Steve Vincent.

Akron, O. Gorila Jone (Akron), 151 lbs., won the decision over Jimmy Finley (Louisville) 152 lbs. in a ten round bout.

Early Howell of Dayton, O. and Joe Seiters of Cinci put on a slam-bang battle at the Armory in one of prelims. Both were "out" on their feet at the final bell. It was a draw.

In a return battle, Rustic Russell won a well earned decision over Jimmy Brown in 6.

Springfield, O.—Tate Langford of Louisville outpointed Howard Mitchell of Cincinnati in 10 rounds. Both weighed 136 lbs.

All clubs in this section, who have any news of interest to be printed in this column, should address the scribe at 509 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, O.

Ken Shooks and Jimmy Sanzone fought a sizzling draw at the armory.

Frankie Palmo, Italian welter from Cinci trimmed Joe O'Malley in 10 rounds at Dayton, O.

Columbus, O.—Tonny Escalanter, Mexico, defeated Homer Ronan of Newark, in 12 rounds. Fred Mahen, Mexican welter knocked out Bert Heathfield Columbus in the third round. Walter Palmer, Kansas City negro heavyweight, kayo'ed Otis Williams in 4 heats.

Frankie Brooks, Detroit manager, informed the writer that he would like to get a few "shots" down this way for his lad Jack Dorsey a lightheavy with a wonderful record.

Terry Lingo is getting much praise from the leading sportswriters in Pittsburgh while Jack Bentley is getting a great hand in Florida.

Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming cowboy, handed Augie Pisano of Brooklyn a lacing in a 10 round bout.

In the semi-final Howard Mitchell knocked out Johnny Cobb in 2 heats while in a preliminary Harry Lang and George Kennedy drew in a 6 rounds.

Columbus, O.—Babe Ruth, Louisville featherweight easily defeated Lou Bloom of Columbus in a 10 round bout.

Tacoma Kid has decided to take a vacation. The Kid has been a busy battler the past couple months.

Harry (Kid) Brown, of Al Lippe's Philadelphia stable laid Joe Mandell, New York, low in a couple heats at Tacoma.

Cecil Payne, Louisville feather knocked out Jimmy Paul of Detroit in 2 rounds.

This Howard McLean of New Albany, Ind. is a sweet little fighter. At Tacoma, McLean won a popular decision over the rugged Reach Devlin of Dayton in a 6 round bout. McLean looks like a comer.

Wille Slovin beat George Liddy in 4 rounds while Calvin Baker stopped Eddie Hammond in another.

Pat Freeman, the Louisville heavy, proved to be a little too much for Billy Sullivan.

Freeman won by a knockout in 2 rounds.

Earl Howell of Dayton defeated Steve Vincent in a prelim.

Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming cowboy, trimmed Tommy Murray of Philadelphia in 10 rounds at the Music Hall Arena.

Nick Broglio, Herrin, Ill., lightweight pulled the surprise of the evening by handing out a lacing to Howard Mitchell tough Cinci 135 lb. star.

One of the biggest surprises of the past month was Johnny O'Keefe's decision win over Toledo Jack Duffy at the armory.

After being knocked out of the ring by Jimmie Kelly of Dayton, O., Wille Peck, Louisville welter, started fighting with a spectator who was trying to assist him into the ring. An uproar on the part of the cash customers ensued. Kelly was awarded the verdict on a technical knockout.

Chickie Rose, local welter, scored over Buzz Nelson in 6 rounds, while Jimmy Sonzone defeated Jess McMurty in a terrific 6 round affair.

Bing Birmingham, nowadays is singing loud the praises of his welterweight, Frankie Palmo, who in his last two times out, beat Joe O'Malley at Columbus and won from Young Firpo at Pittsburgh on Nov. 15th via the foul.

Mike O'Dowd, Columbus beat Harry Forbes of Chicago in a 12 round bout at Columbus on Nov. 19.

Two Cinci battlers traveled over to Muncie, Ind., and each turned in a victory. Vinci Hambright defeated Louey Lavelle in 10 rounds while Jimmy Brown put Herb Smith to sleep in 3 stanzas.

Johnny Mason, the "fighting Dutchman" from Scranton, Pa., added another K.O. to his long list by knocking out Nick Martin of Cleveland in 7 rounds at Tacoma. Martin failed to answer the bell for the 7th stanza.

Howard Mitchell K.O.'d "Honey Boy" Brown in 2 rounds.

Johnnie Brown, former amateur state bantam champion, who is dubbed "the Enquirer Copy Boy" came through with colors flying in his bout with Joe Dragon at the armory. Plenty of luck Johnny!

Billy Sullivan beat Phil Hergert in a 6 rounder. They are heavyweights.

IN AND NEAR CLEVELAND

By EDDIE BORDEN

EVERY town that boasts of successful boxing enterprises, invariably has an outstanding local attraction that is responsible for the development of the sport. The success of a local boy always tends to improve and encourage the morale of the boxing fans who are forever running after new talent.

Los Angeles has Jackie Fields as an important asset. Boston has its Honeyboy Finnegan and Jack Sharkey. New York is being charmed by the fighting of Al Singer, Lew Kersch, Jimmy McNamara, Eddie Guida, and wonderful display of Joe Glick. Philadelphia has Benny Bass and Harry Blitman.

Cleveland, a few years back, provided a wonderful background for Johnny Kilbane, Bryan Downey, Carl Tremaine, Benny Gershe, Charley O'Connell, and, in the last two years, developed the latent qualities of Billy Wallace to become one of the outstanding 135-pounders in the country. Wallace, on the strength of his knockout over Louis (Kid) Kaplan and subsequent battles against Sid Terris, Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Petrolle, established himself as one of the ranking lightweights.

During the last season, a youngster sprang out of the amateur ranks and within the space of six months has become the most talked of kid in the locality. His name is Paul Pirrone and on November 20, at the Public Auditorium, he turned in the most impressive victory of his short career, when he knocked out the seasoned Sammy White, of New York, in four rounds. Floored twice in the first round and finally finished in the fourth after being on the floor a few more times, White was sadly outclassed by this clean and sharp hitting Italian youngster, who had taken part in his thirteenth fight.

Pirrone, by his terrific hitting powers, has virtually displaced every other pretender to fame in the vicinity and his name is just beginning to spread eastwards.

This White is credited with flooring Tommy Grogan twice in a recent battle and fought on even terms with most of the topnotchers around New York State. He was brought here by Paddy Mullins, who also escorted George Courtney.

Pirrone stole the spotlight from Courtney and Charley Belanger, who were the principals in the feature event. The spectacular showing exhibited by this eighteen-year-old youngster, paves the way for a more important future. This was Pirrone's first semi-final bout and, judging by his showing against White, it is unlikely that he will stay in that position long. If Cleveland fans are still as enthusiastic as ever about their local prides, it won't be long before Pirrone will be recognized as a capable standard-bearer.

The Courtney and Belanger affair developed into a disappointing bout. Courtney proved his superiority over the French-Canadian from the opening session and furthered his margin as the bout progressed. Belanger suffered bad cuts over both eyes in the fourth and fifth rounds and Manager Abe Matin refused to allow his charge to come out for the sixth round.

Belanger scaled 173 against 164 for Courtney and in this engagement George proved that he is a middleweight, but can capably hold his own with any light heavyweight in the country. He punches well with two hands and has an assortment of blows that makes him a dangerous foe for anyone, including Mickey Walker.

Joey Goodman, formerly of Richmond, Va., but now making Cleveland his home, celebrated his debut heer by whipping Billy Herold, Billy Wallace's sparring partner. Goodman looked very good, displaying a versatile attack and the ability to keep fighting at a speedy pace all the way. Joey is a junior lightweight and a very good one.

Wilson Yarbo, ebony-hued battler, who is being managed jointly by Tom Stanley and Mike Velotta, has returned to the scene of his former triumphs. Wilson failed to maek good in New York, but has always proven a sensation in his many battles around this section. He is credited with flooring Mickey Walker at the Taylor Bowl last summer and emerged creditably, going the full distance and furnishing Walker with a stubborn argument.

Several weeks ago he tackled Harry Ebbets in Chicago, substituting on four days' notice and although he was officially stopped in seven rounds, he floored the Freeport Thunderbolt for a nine count in the first round. They are matched for another journey in the near future.

Jack McTiernan recorded his eighth straight professional victory over Frankie Grover at Detroit during the month. Here is a kid possessing championship calibre all over and with proper grading should be fighting on top before long.

Local fight followers are astounded at the many reports coming in from New York at the remarkable improvement shown by Gaston Charles. Charles made his home here for several years, but was never credited with being anything but a good trial horse. He went to New York and for the first six weeks was overlooked in the shuffle. After fighting a sensational draw with Petey Mack, his stock began to rise. Then followed an excitingly close battle with Tony Canzoneri and another one with Johnny Dundee. He was given an opportunity to show in Boston and delivered the goods with a bang when he stopped Red Chapman, an outstanding featherweight contender, in five rounds. The latest victory places Charles in an enviable position and his quest for fame should be much easier from now on.

Billy Wallace is confounding the critics who believed that he was slipping by staging some mighty fine battles. After being beaten by Tommy Jones at the Hall here last May, it was forecasted that Billy was all finished and could not show the form that he once exhibited here. Without taking into consideration that he was facing an extremely tall individual, conceding many pounds in weight, and besides that, a freak clown who could not be reached solidly, Billy was condemned without being tried properly. With all those handicaps confronting him, Wallace was additionally subjected to bad hands, which necessitated him resting for several months. He won the two preliminary engagements that were taken for experimental purposes.

On November 7, at the Hall, Billy came back on the big time circuit and delivered the goods in most impressive fashion when he subjected Bruce Flowers,

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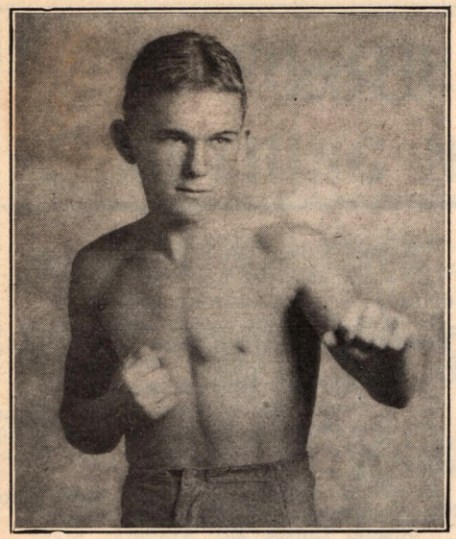


Big Bill Thompson, a Macon Georgia favorite

New Yorker, to a comprehensive whipping in a twelve-round bout. Scoring knockdowns in the fourth and eighth rounds and having the fight won throughout with his clea and snappy punching, Billy was a revelation that night. He went through the twelve rounds at a speedy clip and finished strong at the finish, fighing harder and faster than ever.

He faced an unexpected reverse a week later when he blew the verdict to Joe Medill at Chicago. Medill may eb unknown in the East, but he holds several decisions over Tommy Grogan and has also whipped Mike Dundee.

On November 19, Billy scored over Jackie Pilkington in a hurricane affair at Philadelphia. Billy dropped Pilkington in the first round for a nine count and they scrapped furiously for the balance of the journey with Billy securing the official verdict.

Wallace is getting there on his come-back voyage and it won't be long before he meets Joe Glick at Madison Square Garden for the right to meet the honorable Samuel Mandell.

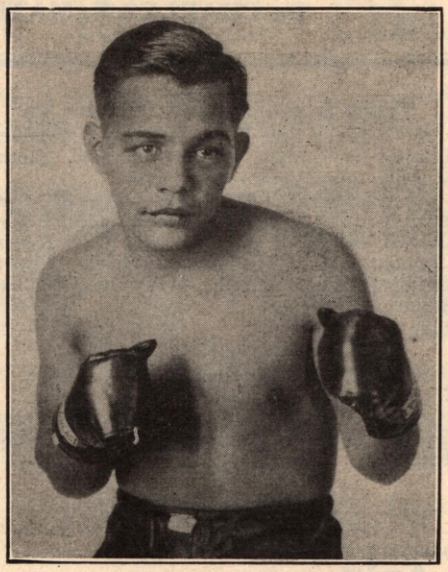
Jimmy Avon, enterprising manager of local fistic material, is rapidly accumulating a formidable stable of mittslingers that will make the local promoters sit up and take notice. His outstanding star is Pete Mazeo, an amateur product, who excelled in the flyweight, bantamweight and featherweight divisions and is fighting around the 126pound figure. Nick Martin, rugged middleweight, a slashing two-handed fighter, and Lawrence Madge, 145 pounds of T.N.T., who carries extraordinary punching powers in his right hand, comprise the balance of the staff. Jimmy, in addition, is also handling a group of amateur boys that expects to materialize into something worth while in the near futre.

Paul Hamilton, fistic impresario, who is managing the affairs of Floyd Hybert, is indignant at the manner in which his boy is being avoided. Paul, through his ingenuity and strategical maneuvers, has Hybert planted in an imposing position in this vicinity, but the lack of opponents has caused hm great discouragement.

Floyd has beaten fellows like My Sullivan, Clyde Hull, Billy Leonard, Johnny Gerardin, and furnished great fights with Billy Light, Tommy Freeman and Haakon Hansen and always provides the fans with what they are looking for and that is ACTION.

Sammy Dorfman, New York featherweight, who did much of his earlier campaigning around the mid-west, is back in Cleveland renewing old acquaintanceship.

Gorilla Jones, dusky Akronite, celebrated his New York appearance by winning decisively over Pal Silvers, reckoned a highly formidable opponent on the Glick-Gans program. Jones scored a knockdown in the opening round and maintained the advantage until the finish.



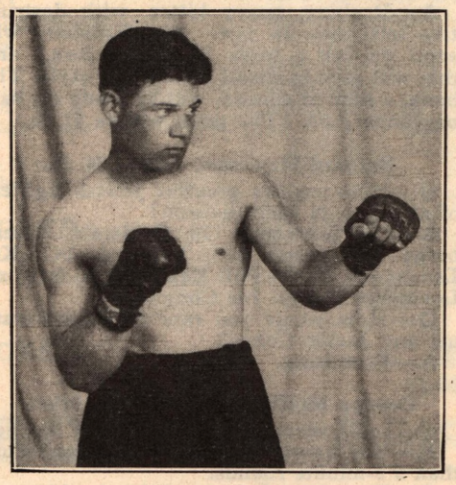
Dave Abad, who is going good under Eddie Mead's management

IN IOWA RINGS

BY BOB WAGNER

EDDIE DWYER, Mexican welterweight, has resumed training after a two months layoff due to a bad hand. Dwyer, a young lad, has fought some great fights with Sammy Mandell, Billy Petrolle, Jimmy Finley, Tommy Irvin and others. The Mexican lad is colorful and is a great crowd pleaser and is always in demand by the promoters in this section.

Duke Barry, well known fight manager, is now acting as matchmaker for the Eagles Athletic Club at Davenport, Iowa. The Club will stage shows twice each month and managers of good fighters are requested to get in touch with Mr. Barry.



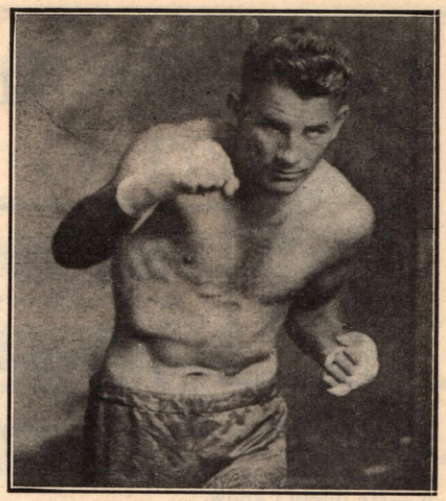
Paul Pirrone, a good Cleveland prospect, former amateur champion

Tuffy Griffiths, sensational light-heavyweight added another victim to his already long list when he knocked out Jackie Williams of Chicago in the second round of a ten round fight at Davenport.

Pinkey George, former flyweight boxer of Des Moines, has retired from the ring and is now devoting his time to managing fighters. George just returned from the Pacific coast and has two boys from there with him. Polo Perfecto, a classy Philipino flyweight and Jack Lee, a light-heavyweight who was a former sparring partner of Jack Dempsey.

Kenneth Hunt, Iowa light-heavyweight champion won a six-round decision over Pete Trunce of Rockford, Ill. at Chicago.

Tony Legouri, 135 pounds, had easy pickings when he knocked out Wild Cat Eddie Mason in the sixth round fight at Des Moines. Frankie Larabee, Lincoln, Nebr. won over Hank Burgess of Waterloo in ten rounds. They are lightweights.



Joe Smallwood, welterweight of Washington, D. C.

Ray Krause, Oelwein, Ia., Jr., welterweight is fast forging to the front. The Oelwein lad has had over thirty fights and has only lost one decision. Another Oelwein lad Gentleman Joe Thomas a middleweight, is also showing a lot of improvement.

Henry Falegano, Des Moines featherweight boxer and Wildcat Eddie Mason of St. Paul boxed ten rounds to a draw at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Vale a brother of Henry also received a draw with Bobby O'Dowd, a Cedar Rapids bantamweight.

Bob Wagner and Joe Kelly of Des Moines are the matchmakers for the Iowa Boxing Club, which runs shows at Waterloo and Des Moines.

Eddie Dwyer in his first bout after his recent layoff, knocked out Battling Jack Nelson a welterweight of Chicago in two rounds at Ottumwa, Ia.

Hymie Weisman, classy Des Moines bantamweight, won a ten round decision over Davey Young of Kansas City at Des Moines. Tony Legouri, Des Moines lightweight lost on a foul in the fifth round to Young Delaney of Perry, Ia. at Des Moines.

Irvin Bige, a jr. welterweight of Omaha is considered a great card in this section.

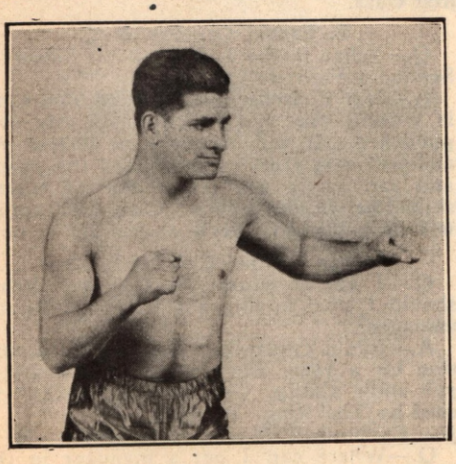
Louie Mays, Des Moines middleweight knocked out Scotty Kopis of Sioux City, in the last round of their six round bout at Des Moines.

Connie Curry, former contender for the bantamweight title a few years ago is now running shows at Sioux City, Ia. Tuffy Griffiths of Sioux City knocked out Jimmy Mahoney of Chicago in two rounds on Curry's first card at Sioux City.

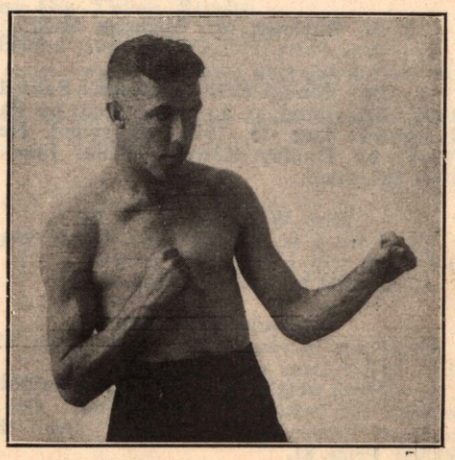
Mike Mandell, hard punching St. Paul heavyweight, defeated Ralph Alexander of Waterloo in a eight round bout at Mason City, Ia.

Ralph Alexander of Waterloo had little trouble in knocking out Happy Shade, Des Moines negro heavyweight, in the eighth round of their ten round fight at Newton, Ia. Red Wilson Des Moines lightweight knocked out Jack Cameron of Waterloo

Anyone desiring information in regard to fighters or promoters in this part of the country should get in touch with the writer, Bob Wagner, care Crocker Cigar Store, Des Moines, Iowa.



Tubby Noble, Wilkesbarre's middleweight attraction



Dave Roers, star junior welter of the Northwest

In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Stanley E. Johnson, Patten, Maine

Q.—Has Firpo retired?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Was Fitzsimmons ever knocked out?

A.—Yes, by Jeffries twice, by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, by Bill Lang.

Q.—Will Dempsey fight again?

A.—He doesn't know.

M. F. Bklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5ft. 1½ inches, 114 lbs. Am I too small for the bantam class?

A.—You are flyweight.

Ambitious, Wash., D. C.

Q.—I am a colored boy and would like to know of a gym in Philadelphia or Newark where I can start a ring career?

A.—Nick Kline, 265 Washington St., Newark.

Bill Poole, Hawkinsville, Ga.

Q.—Where can I get a book on wrestling?

A.—The RING sells several. Seek inside back cover of this issue.

Q.—Will Young Stribling comeback? Has he ever been knocked out?

A.—Going strong at present. Never knocked out according to record.

John B. Ardito, No. Bergen, N. J.

Q.—Did Sharkey and Godfrey ever fight?

A.—Sharkey got a 10 round decision over Godfrey in Boston Sept 21, 1926.

H. L. Smith, Spencer, N. C.

Q.—I am a good amateur boxer. How can I get a manager in my city?

A.—Nearest is William Haack, 65 South Main St., Memphis Tenn.

A Lover of Boxing, Detonti, Ark.

Q.—Can a fellow be a professional boxer and a baseball player at the same time?

A.—Too large a task.

Q.—Is the Liberty Magazine a boxing magazine?

A.—No.

M. Carol, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—How can I reach Clyde Hull? Cuddy De Marco?

A.—Address, Tom McArdle, Madison Sq. Garden, New York City. De Marco, 940 North Negley Ave., Pittsburgh.

J. W. Buckner, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Q.—Was Phila. Jack O'Brien ever knocked out during his ring career.

A.—By Young Peter Jackson, Feb. 14, 1900, 13th round, at San Francisco; by Sam Langford, Aug. 15, 1911, 5th round, New York; by Stanley Ketchel, Phila, June 9, 1909 3d round.

John W. Rago, N. Y C.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 5 inches, 155 lbs, 17 years old, what will I be at full growth?

A.—Should be 5 ft. 9 in., 165.

A Reader from Ohio

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 ft. 8 inches, 154 lbs. What class am I in?

A.—If you weigh 154 after training, middleweight. If before training, welter. Get a copy of "Training for Boxers," from the RING Price $1.

J. D. H. Astoria, L. I.

Q.—Did Berlenbach ever have Delaney on the floor in any of their bouts?

A.—No.

Young Jack Sharkey, Palmerton, Pa.

Q.—Where can I reach Tony Canzoneri, Tommy Loughran, Mickey Walker, Sammy Mandell and Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—Canzoneri, 133 West 38th St., New York City; Loughran, 4358 Woodland Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa; Walker, Care Jack Kearns, Chicago, Ill.; Mandell, Garrick Theatre Building, Chicago, Ill.; McLarnin, Madison Square Garden, N. Y.

Albert Cook, Camden, N. J.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 148 lbs.. how can I become a good boxer?

A.—Join a gymnasium and take lessons. Get "Training for boxers," for sale by RING. Price $1.

Jos. Valentis, Phila. Pa.

Q.—Has Sharkey any chance of becoming a champion?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is the size of New York rings?

A.—Not less than 20 feet square.

Q.—What nationality is Sharkey?

A.—American born of Lithuanian parentage.

Q.—How old is he now?

A.—26.

Lee Festa, Long Island City, N. Y.

Q.—Who would give me the best results if I took a course in muscle building and strength?

A.—"Training for Boxers," for sale by RING. Price $1, and the Jimmy Deforest and Earle Liederman courses advertised in this book.

Q.—What was Dempsey's style of fighting? Can I obtain some reading matter on the subject? Where?

A.—Rushing, heavy hitter, with destructive left hook to jaw. Nat Fleischer will soon publish a book "How to Box," and this will give in detail Dempsey's style. The book, a limited edition, will be ready for sale on January 15. The price will be $1.00.

Bernard Hausman, Bklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the greatest Jewish fighters of all times in each division?

A.—112, Schwartz; 118, Goldstein, Rosenberg; 126, Attell; 135, Leonard; 147, Kid Lewis; 160, K. O. Phil Kaplan; 175, Battling Levinsky; Heavy, Joe Choynski.

Q.—How would you rate Armand Emanuel and Jackie Cohen?

A.—Promising.

George McElroy, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—Is 13 years too young to start boxing?

A.—Yes, except very lightly and not more than 3 2-minute rounds.

Q.—How long before a fight should training begin?

A.—Depends on your condition and nature of fight. If 4 or 6 rounds two weeks. If 8, 10, 12 or 15 rounds, a month to 6 weeks.

G. H. A. Indio, Calif.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 ft. 5 inches, 147 lbs. Am I overweight?

A.—No.

Q.—Is it too late for me to become a boxer?

A.—Not if you have learned the rudiments.

Q.—What class would I be in?

A.—Welter.

A Fight Fan, Southbridge, Mass.

Q.—Who would win another Terris-McLarnin bout?

A.—McLarnin would knock Sid out.

Manuel Oliver, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 93 lbs. Is it advisable to start training now?

A.—Yes, but light work. Get a copy of "Training for Boxers," from RING. Price $1.

Ernie Koviacs, New Brunswick, N. J.

Q.—I would like to start as an amateur, I am 16 years old, 158 lbs. 5 ft. 8 inches. Where can I get a manager in New Brunswick?

A.—None listed. Write to Nick Kline, 265 Washington St., Newark.

Joseph Lubas, No. Amherst, Mass.

Q.—Must a boxer have a license? How much are they?

A.—Write to Boxing Commission, Boston.

Q.—How old is Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—23.

Q.—Is Dempsey's eye better? Is he going to fight again?

A.—Eyes not seriously affected. Seems to have retired.

A Reader

Q.—1. Were James Dunn and Jere Dunn the same boxers?

Q.—2. Are Joe Goddard and Clarence Whistler dead?

A.—1. James Dunn, of Brooklyn, and Jere Dunn, of Chicago, were two distinct personalities. James Dunn, was born in County Kildare, Ireland, Oct. 4, 1842. On arrival in America he made Brooklyn his home, and began a ring career. He engaged in two ring battles, defeating Jimmy Elliott and Bill Davis. Dunn laid claim to title, but was never recognized as champion. Later in life he entered politics and held prominent positions for years.

Jere Dunn, was a saloonkeeper of Chicago, who took an active interest in sports, especially boxing. He acted as referee of several important bouts and also managed some fighters. On March 1, 1883, Jere Dunn shot Jimmy Elliott fatally during a quarrel in Chicago. Dunn died in Chicago in 1894.

A.—2. Joe Goddard died in Melbourne in 1901, and Clarence Whistler passed away in New York in 1898. Whistler was defeated by William Muldoon in the early eighties.

Leslie Blackwell, Monte Vista, Colo.

Q.—Will Dempsey fight again?

A.—He says not.

Q.—How do you rate Phil Scott, Roberto Roberti, Armand Emanuel? Jess Willard?

A.—First three promising. Willard never first class.

T. Frank, Camden, N. J.

Q.—What is the best book on "How to Second a Fighter?"

A.—Nat Fleischer, Publisher of The Ring, is writing one that will outclass any ever published. It will be ready on February 1 and will cost $1.00. I have read the proofs and can safely say no second or trainer should be without a copy. Only 2,000 copies will be published. Send your order in now.

George Levine, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—I am 15 years old, 130 lbs. When should I start boxing and how can I get a manager?

A.—Join a gymnasium and receive instruction for a year. Easy to get a manager if you show ability. Get "How to Train," issued by The Ring. Price, $1.

Joe Cannonball Martin, Sea Bright, N. J.

Q.—Where can I get a manager in this locality? I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 7 inches, 133 lbs.

A.—Write to Joe McNulty, Lotus A. C., Perth Amboy.

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